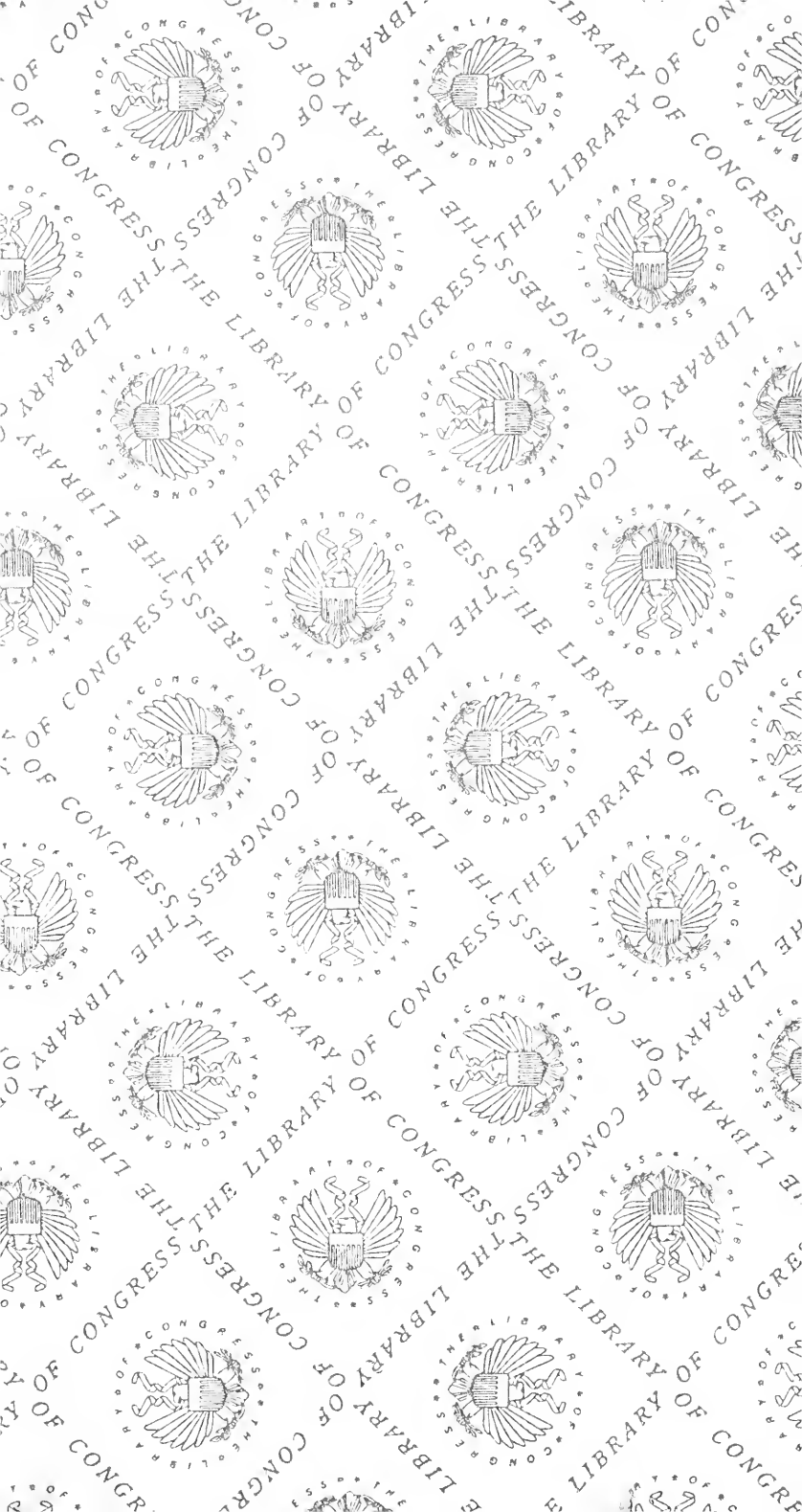
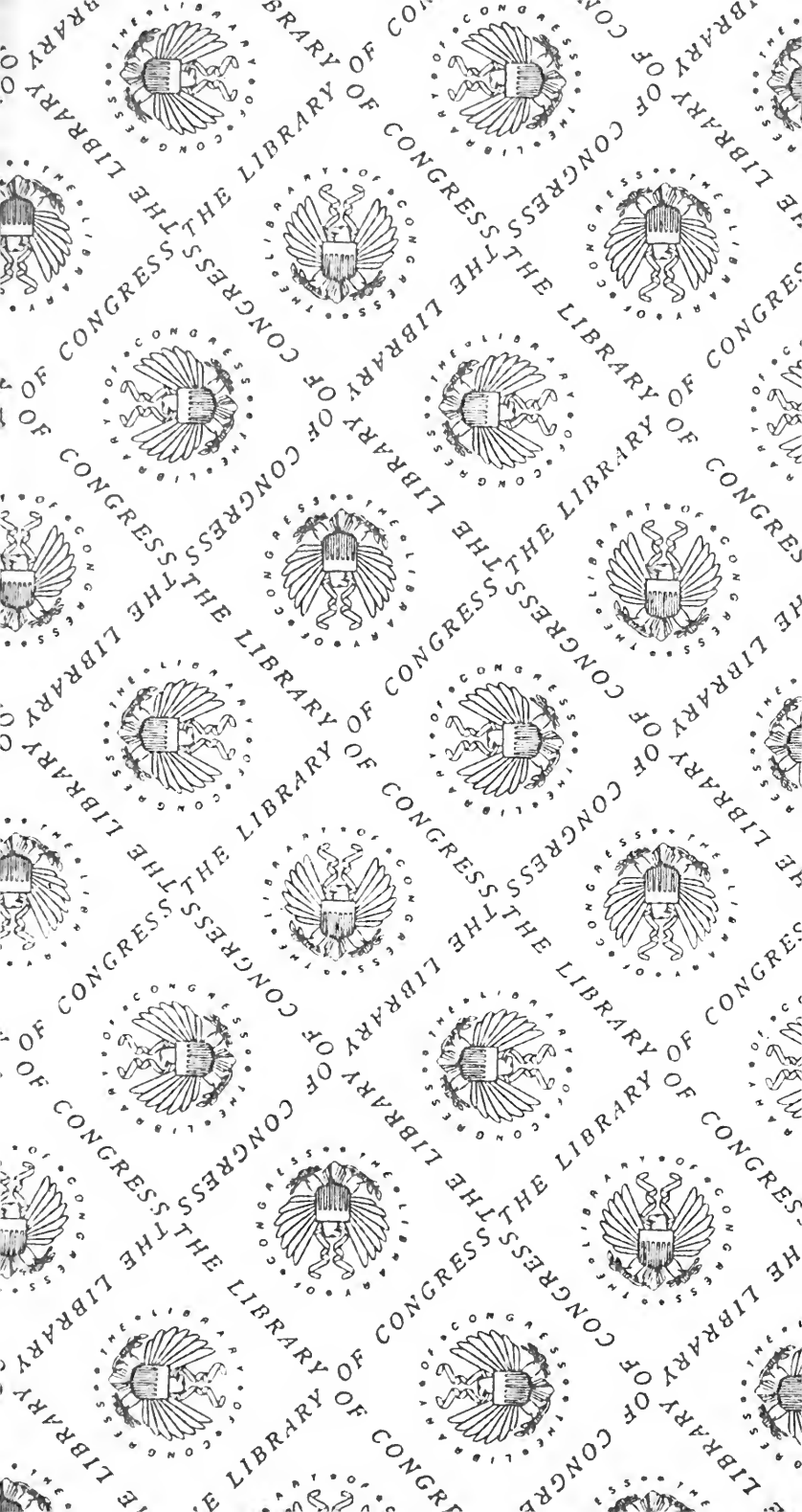


PS 991

.A1 F8

Copy 2







FREEDOM'S GIFT.





TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE.



✓
FREEDOM'S GIFT:

OR

SENTIMENTS OF THE FREE.

HARTFORD:
PUBLISHED BY S. S. COWLES.
No. 7, ASYLUM ST.
1840.

PS991
AIF8
COPY 2

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1840, by
S. S. COWLES,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Connecticut.

150264

10

HARTFORD,
Printed by L. Skinner.

30-20050

PREFACE.

THE character and design of this unassuming volume may be easily discovered, by a slight examination of its contents. However, in accordance with established custom, we preface a few words, as an introduction to the public. The work is unobtrusive in its character, prepared for the sole purpose of *utility*. It makes no pretensions to peculiar literary merit. We have not been ambitious to decorate its pages with the ornaments of rhetoric, or the higher beauties of poetry. We have preferred to utter our sentiments in clear, decided, yet simple language. The object which has induced the publication of this small volume, is the fond hope that it may prove instrumental in allaying prejudice towards the cause of emancipation—in arousing the slumbering nation, from its death-like stupidity, on the subject of slavery—in exciting the sympathy and benevolence of the followers of the Savior—in urging on the feeble and the faltering in their arduous struggle for the *Rights of Man*. Praying that the blessing of Heaven, may attend this feeble effort for the advancement of the cause of truth and liberty, it is, like the widow's mite, affectionately tendered to the *free* in the place of a more liberal offering.

Wesleyan University, May 2d, 1840.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
The Fugitive,	9
To the Ladies of Connecticut,	15
A Voice from the Heathen,	18
To the South,	25
Genius of Philanthropy,	27
Go preach my Gospel,	31
Guilt of the North—The National Compact,	34
Slave-holders speaking of Northern dough-faces,	41
The Bloody Banner,	43
The Slave's Lament,	45
The Triumph of Freedom,	48
"We are verily guilty concerning our brother,"	52
Prayer,	54
Connecticut,	56
The Patient Sufferer,	58
Fasts,	61
An Appeal to Christian Freemen in behalf of the Slave,	63
Morn of Liberty dawning,	65
To Liberty turned Slave-holder,	68
Ahmed and Zayda,	69
The Slave Mother,	72
The Victory won,	75
The Genius of America,	76
The Warriors of Truth,	78

A Motto,	80
The Banner of Freedom,	82
Wilberforce,	84
Petitions,	87
The Contrast,	89
The Gospel opposed to Slavery,	93
Ode for July 4th, 1840,	97
Slavery hostile to Religion,	99
The Anti-Slavery Enterprise—its objects and aims,	103
Liberty! Liberty!	107

FREEDOM'S GIFT.

THE FUGITIVE.

BY J. T. NORTON.

ABOUT two years since; whilst on board of one of the Connecticut River Steam Boats, I observed a young well dressed colored man, whose appearance and manners particularly attracted my attention. There was something unusual in his whole bearing, and had a favorable opportunity offered, I should have made inquiries respecting him. We soon reached Hartford, however, and I thought no more of him.

A few months after the above occurrence, whilst attending a meeting at the office of the Connecticut Anti-Slavery Society in H——, a respectable gentleman of that city came to the door, evidently in haste and somewhat agitated, and enquired for Mr. B. After a short absence Mr. B. returned, and stated that the gentleman who had called him out, was under great anxiety on account of a young colored man who had been in his employ about three months, and who had just come to him in the deepest distress, confessing that he was a runaway slave, and stating that he had that moment seen his master and a noted slave dealer pass by, evidently in

search of him and suspecting his residence. The gentleman and his family had become much interested in the young man, and were distressed at the thought of his being carried back into slavery. No time was to be lost, as CHARLES, (the name of the young man,) was confident he had been seen by his master. Directions were given, that he should go immediately, and as privately as possible, to a house designated in the outskirts of the city, and a gentleman present undertook to take him to F—— without delay.

I saw Charles for a few moments before he left, H——, and when my eye first fell on him, I recognised the young man who had attracted my observation on board the Steam Boat. My interest in him was now greatly increased. *Then*, my attention had been attracted towards him as one whom his Maker had stamped externally with the marks of superiority—in whose countenance were evidences of intelligence, and whose general bearing indicated proper self-respect, though he belonged to a despised and oppressed race. *Now*, when I knew that he was *a slave*, that one, who I could not but feel was endowed by his Maker with qualities, (to say the least) equal to any that I myself possessed, that such an one should, in this land of boasted freedom, and in Connecticut too, be claimed as a slave, and be compelled to flee before his fellow man, though guilty of no crime, this greatly increased my interest, and I felt that there was a law, infinitely superior to any human laws, that called upon me to assist him in this his extremity.

The friend who had undertaken to convey him to a place of safety, was not long in keeping his appointment; and, all whose interest had been excited, breathed more easily when assured that Charles was, for a time certain-

ly, out of danger. They were soon convinced too that promptness had probably saved him, as an officer was searching that vicinity in a few minutes after his departure.

The next morning I went with a friend to Charles' place of concealment, and learned his history. He was brought up, or *raised*, in a highly respectable family in Virginia, and indeed his whole look and manner was that of a *Virginia gentleman*. Tall, slender, graceful, generally self-possessed, but bearing the marks of strong feeling, and evidently capable of exerting much energy. On the death of his master, whose son he probably was, he was sold, and in a gang of about eighty, taken to Natchez, where he was again sold for fifteen hundred dollars, to a gentleman of Vicksburgh. He was at first treated harshly, and indeed whipped several times, in order, as was said, to break him. He had always been a house servant in Virginia—he was now placed on a plantation a few miles from Vicksburgh, from which for several nights in succession he ran away and went directly to his master's residence, stating his inability to work in the field, and promising to serve him faithfully in the house. After a time his master took him into his family, and he was soon made a body servant, and in this capacity traveled through several of the northern states and into Canada. He would not have left his master, had he not overheard him whilst at Cincinnati on his return from his northern tour, offering, or expressing his intention to sell all his slaves and remove to Illinois. Charles took immediate measures to find friends in Cincinnati, and the next morning was on the road to Lake Erie, intending to go to Canada. Before reaching the Lake, he met a gentleman from Philadelphia, into whose employ he entered, and went to that city. The

much respected Dr. Parish, lately deceased, there became his friend. He married a young woman brought up, I think, in the Doctor's family, and here he lived in peace and prosperity for two years.

But alas, poor Charles, though the son of a freeman, and born in this land of "*equal rights*," yet his mother was created with a dark skin, and was a slave, and he had *no rights*—none to himself, none to his wife, none to happiness. His master gained a clue to his residence in consequence of efforts made by Dr. Parish and others to purchase his freedom, and it was by the Doctor's advice that he came to New-England. But even here the man hunters found him, and here too the rights of man are so little understood or so little regarded, that these hunters of human flesh found no difficulty in obtaining the services of others to aid them in again throwing the chains around one thus struggling for his rights.

Charles had one day's rest in F——, when Mr. B. came from H—— in great haste, and advised that he be immediately removed to some other place, as large rewards were offered for his apprehension, and search would no doubt be made here. I shall not soon forget Charles' quivering lip nor his expression of eye, when told that he could not remain here; that the pursuers were on his track. Had the baying of bloodhounds fallen upon his ear, his spirit could not have sunk more within him. This feeling, however, was but for a moment. A rigidity of muscle, and a determined expression soon followed, and no one could for an instant suppose that it was an idle threat, when he said, "I will die rather than go back to slavery."

Charles' trunk had been sent to my care, and at about ten o'clock, one of our most respectable citizens, with a worthy colored man, a resident of the town, called for

the trunk with Charles. The tones of his voice, and the pressure of his hand, as I bade him "good bye," touched my heart; and it was also affecting to see the disinterested benevolence of those, who had undertaken on a night of almost pitchy darkness to guide this poor stranger to a place of safety. They found a willing friend in a secluded part of the town, who secreted him for a few days, when another devoted friend of the slave, rode forty miles, between nine o'clock in the evening and day-light the next morning, placing the poor fellow entirely out of danger. He remained in this last place some weeks, whilst negotiations were pending between Dr. Parish and the master; which, however, did not result successfully, and poor Charles was obliged to leave his country for Canada, where he arrived in safety. Queen Victoria has thereby gained a valuable subject, and we have lost one, besides adding to the long list of wrong and oppression, which already disgraces us in the eyes of the civilized world, and which cries to Heaven for vengeance.

Charles' image often comes up in my memory, and when I think of him, and when I see others of his suffering brethren, as I have seen many within a few years, I cannot but think that He, who was emphatically "the man of sorrows," would, were he on earth, especially sympathize with such; and I have felt, in a peculiar manner, that His blessing will certainly attend all suitable efforts to help these persecuted ones. Certain I am that the little aid it has been in my power to give them, has afforded me a satisfaction such as I have rarely enjoyed from any other efforts to do good. A *free* colored man always excites my sympathies, let his circumstances be what they may. If he has succeeded in any degree in elevating himself amidst so many difficulties,

I look upon him as probably possessing rare merit; and if he is ignorant, brutal, and vicious, I attribute much of it to the depressing and discouraging circumstances by which he is surrounded. But a *slave*, and especially one struggling to obtain his *birth-right*, LIBERTY, I look upon as one entitled peculiarly to the sympathies of all who profess to be governed by the law of love. Whichever way such an one turns, he meets the frowns of his fellow man. On the side of the oppressor too "there is power;" and whether in the slave states or the free it matters but little. Here he is ready to start at any sound, even the rustling of a leaf; for he knows full well that there are numbers around him who hate him for his color's sake. He sees and feels this hatred of *color*, or *caste*, whichever it be, even here. How natural then when the colored man meets the eye of kindness and feels the hand of friendship, that he should yield that grateful emotion which all who have ever realized it, will well know how to estimate. In addition to this reward which the colored man's friend reaps here, may it not be expected that for every act of kindness and justice rendered to this oppressed class, the grateful plaudit will hereafter fall upon his soul, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these ye have done it unto me." And may not he who *refuses* or *neglects* to do for his oppressed colored brethren all that love and justice demand though he were not colored, may he not with good reason fear that the Lord will say, "Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of the least of these, ye did it not to me."

Farmington, April 20, 1840.

TO THE LADIES OF CONNECTICUT.

BY E. W. SOUTHWICK.

WE call for the aid of Connecticut's daughters
To cheer on the strife in the Bondwoman's cause ;—
The might of its fair, be it free as its waters,
Float on the Free Rights and sustain the Free Laws.

For womanly power is so movingly given,
It ever must claim irresistible sway :
The storm-clouds of wo are thus distantly driven,
Or spread their deep gloom in appalling display.

But she striveth not with that vigorous action,
Which many in manhood so sternly approve ;
Nor is she allied to the boisterous faction,
But moveth by sympathy, quelleth by love.

But these may alike be imparted to cherish
The demons of Wrong, or the angels of Right,
Bid Liberty flourish and Slavery perish,
As woman directeth her vanquishing might.

Then welcome the voice of the Sisterhood pleading
So worthily bold for their sisters in bonds :
O, speak for the rescue of Innocence bleeding,
And wave o'er its Spoilers your shame-dealing wands.

Let Italy's fair boast their rapturous graces,
Or England's proud dames chant the song of their pride ;
Give Freedom and Truth your most zealous embraces,
Connecticut's fair can be never outvied.

Ye claim that the brightest who roam o'er your mountans,
Who walk by your streamlets, who dwell in your vales,
Who pluck of your flowers, and sip from your fountains,
Are fair as the fairest New-England empales.

And ye will not say, the firm zeal that alleges
The Right and the Truth in its cherishing glow,
The loftiest, tenderest, faithfulest pledges,
Are more than your worth can abundantly show.

Then list for the Right—that zeal deeply waken!—
O give a sweet pledge to support the pure light,
Which sheds its bright rays to rejoice the forsaken,
And gives a free day for Captivity's night.

Hear not ye the voices of pitiful grieving?
See not the sad tears, which unceasingly flow?
And will ye not purchase the balm for relieving
These mothers and daughters from merciless wo?

Ye never would yield to the Tyrant's subjection,
Your daughters, to serve in the bonds of the Slave;
Though darkly, or lightly, be tinged the complexion,
Which Infinite Wisdom impartially gave.

These claims for your own, plead ye loudly for others,
And scorn the reproaches of Liberty's foes:
Be ye to the Bondmaid as sisters and mothers,
And breathe a kind love, where the Hate-tempest blows.

Shall Albion's fair cast their look of derision
At you, for the boast that your Nation is free?
And Erin's bold daughters, in righteous decision,
Hang shame on your Slave-shading Liberty Tree?

No! Plead for the Right with the warmth of a Crandall—
Hail Liberty's foes with her soul-stirring tone:
Deliver the Captive from Slavery's vandal!
Both Albion's and Erin's bright worth is outshone.

Greece, Greece cries to you, from her slumbering ashes,
And tells you to cherish the freedom she lost—
To save your oppressed from their wo-twinning lashes,
To calm the dark billows Oppression has tossed!

And Greece, ruined Greece, by her few daughters living,
In tears for the kindness by which she is free,
Now asks your assistance, in zealously giving
Your effort to answer the Bondwoman's plea.

Then ply the brisk needle, with diligent fingers,
To furnish your Fairs of the worthiest fair;
And strive against Bondage, as long as there lingers
A Woman with us, our oppression to bear!

Drink deep of the waters at Freedom's rich fountains,
And chant the loud song of the Truth and the Right,
Amid your rich vales and along your bright mountains,
Enlightened forever by Liberty's light!

A VOICE FROM THE HEATHEN.

"Physician, heal thyself." Luke iv. 23.

BY JOSIAH BREWER,

Missionary to the Mediterranean.

MY Greek Testament was open in my hand, and I had been dwelling on the passage, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." I thought of the wondrous love of Him who gave that farewell command to his disciples;—the priceless ransom then freshly paid for the deliverance of self enslaved and guilty man. The obligations of His redeemed people next rose before my mind, to live, not henceforth unto themselves, but unto Him who loved them and who died for them. Then passed in long review the wide realms of pagan and Mahommedan darkness; India, Burmah, China, Persia, Turkey and Africa, until at length I insensibly fell back in my chair and was buried in sleep.

Instead of the quiet village of my temporary sojourn by the banks of the free rolling waters of the Connecticut, where I had been proclaiming the gospel liberty to the unhappy captives of vice and crime, I now fancied myself on the busy wharves of the metropolis of New England. Methought it had been decided to send a bold and self denying mission, to plead the cause of the late martyred Christians, before the persecuting rulers of *Madagascar*. Our instructions had been received, and the vessel was already under weigh, which had been chartered to land me and my devoted associates on that great African Isle. The voyage was soon accomplish-

ed, and under the countenance of our national flag, we found introduction to the court of the monarch. Among his attendants were some youths who had been trained in Britain, so that we met with no difficulty in holding communication. As ambassadors for the King of kings, we sought and obtained an audience. A full council was convened, before which we fearlessly yet meekly and tenderly, spread out our errand. In humble imitation of Peter and John, we endeavored to convince them of their exceeding guilt, in condemning and executing by a cruel death, Raferavy and the other Christian martyrs, of whom accounts had reached us. We were heard with great patience and occasionally a falling tear from some of the courtiers. Our message being delivered, we were requested to go aside out of the council, to which again, after a long deliberation, we were summoned to receive the following answer, pronounced by the king in person.

“Missionaries of Christ! much that you have said to us is well. But in the sacred Book which you profess to follow, it is written, ‘*Physician, heal thyself.*’ My subjects are four millions of people, whom you would fain persuade to embrace the faith of your crucified Lord. The bodies of some few of these who were active in teaching the Christian Scriptures, have indeed been tortured; but if the doctrines which they held be true, they have thereby only found a shorter path to Paradise. Their souls we could not hurt; and as to what the body suffers, that it matters little, I infer, from the treatment to which almost as many millions of the same complexion as ourselves are exposed, on your Christian soil. Besides, it cannot be a more grievous sin to hinder a Madagascar peasant than an American slave, from reading the white man’s Bible.” Saying this, he held up before us, a

pamphlet of a hundred or more pages, on which, to our amazement, we read the title, "Slavery as it is!"

We stammered out a lame apology and withdrew from the hall of audience. Before however the assembly broke up, a decree was issued, in biting mockery of our slave code, that if these American missionaries or any other persons should attempt to teach the people to read, they should be liable to six months imprisonment.

Disheartened by such a reception, we returned to our vessel, and after spending a season in prayer and consultation decided unanimously not to forsake the missionary work, but to proceed forward and join our brethren, who were so successfully proclaiming the gospel in the favored *Sandwich Isles*.

Again our willing canvass was spread to the breeze; the stormy cape was doubled, and ere long the lofty summit of Mouna Keah was rising to view. We eagerly landed and hastened to greet "*brethren*" with whom in years past, we had taken sweet counsel together, especially on the missionary work. Gazing on their blanching brows and toil worn countenances, we saw affectingly mirrored to us, the passing measure of our own days. Better, however, we thought, to wear out in the service of Christ than in the slavery of man; laboring to bring others as well as ourselves, to the welcome rest that remaineth for the people of God.

Providentially we found the brethren assembled in their annual convention, as were also all the principal chiefs at the quarters of the king. We listened with the deepest interest to a review of the history of the mission from its beginning, and especially to the recent displays of the converting grace of God. The language had been acquired and reduced to writing; the Bible translated, and portions of it with other useful books printed;

thousands of pupils had been taught to read; churches erected and more than ten thousand converts gathered into church fellowship. In view of these and similar details, we could not but exclaim with wonder, "What hath God wrought?" After long discussions on the present state of the mission, intermingled with frequent devotional exercises, the missionaries united in opinion that notwithstanding some recent adverse occurrences, there was on the whole a steady progress of the gospel. The greatest obstacle in the way of the civilization of the people, and of their rising at no distant day to the rank of an enlightened and Christian nation, all were agreed arose from the absolute right which the king claimed over the entire soil and native population of the islands. After much prayerful consideration, it was resolved that the brethren and sisters should go in a body, and with all becoming respect and Christian earnestness, beseech him to relinquish his claim.

We were permitted to join in the procession, and seldom had we witnessed a more moving scene. These precious brethren and sisters, some of whom had been permitted to cast into this prepared soil, the first smallest seed of the kingdom of heaven, and had watched and witnessed its gradual progress until it had become the present great tree, urged their suit by the most conclusive arguments and the most melting prayers and tears. They showed the immense advantage in point of revenue, from assigning small portions of land to each family in fee simple, and taking off all restraints upon industry.

The king was evidently moved by their intreaties, but undisciplined as was his mind, he could not be persuaded that he should become richer by giving away all his territory and granting freedom to all his subjects. His treatment of the missionaries was kind and respectful,

but he met their appeal to Bible principles, by talking of "the Patriarchal Institution," reading extracts from "Slavery as it is," and appealing to the arguments and examples of many professing Christians in the goodly land from which and by *some of whom* the gospel had been sent to them. As we retired in mournful silence to the dwellings of the missionaries, I whispered in the ear of one of the brethren who had accompanied me from America, "*Physician, heal thyself.*"

Happily for our world of trial and our imperfect nature, hope is a principle which springs up continually in the human breast, like a fountain of living water. Discouraging as was the king's response, and lessened as was thereby the demand for additional laborers, we remembered that we were but a short distance from the inviting shores of *the Oregon Territory*. Taking an affectionate leave of these brethren of the Congregational and Presbyterian denominations, acting, as is well known, under the direction of the American Board, we embraced the earliest opportunity of a whale ship touching at the mouth of the Columbia, to join our Methodist brethren already established west of the Rocky Mountains. With deep emotion I set foot on the soil, where, in my earlier missionary schemes, standing on the Plymouth rock, I had fondly hoped to find its counterpart.

We were gratified to learn that the large reinforcement which had sailed some months before us, had all arrived in safety. Enlarged as was now their self denying band, the dear brethren here felt called on to lengthen the cords and strengthen the stakes of their establishment. For this purpose they had invited a general meeting of all the tribes along the Multnomah, the great southern branch of the Columbia and its tributary streams, in order to the planting of several new missionary sta-

tions. Of course we did not fail to be present in what had so often filled our imaginations, an Indian Council.

These men of God who had taken their lives in their hands and circumnavigated half the globe, to preach the cross of Christ to the last unbroken remnant of the American aborigines, spake of a Saviour's dying love to this group of red men, in melting strains. They unfolded the general objects of their mission, and referred to other like benevolent efforts of the body with which they were connected. In conclusion, they invited such of the tribes as were desirous of being taught the word of God, to express their wishes. From the manner in which their words had been listened to, I was expecting an universal intreaty to take home some one of the new teachers with them. And such would probably have been the case, had not an aged chief arisen and stretching forth his hand to a younger individual, began as follows. "Tell me, you who accompanied our delegation beyond the mountains towards the rising sun, have any of those millions who are there held in bondage, masters called Christian, and of the same denomination as these before us?" The young man nodded assent. "And did you tell me, that among those slaves, were many of as light a hue as ourselves?" On being answered again in the affirmative, he began a most impassioned harangue in the highest style of Indian eloquence, of which the following is the substance. The Great Spirit has given to the red man, the freedom of the forest, and permitted him as unrestrained as the wild beast which prowls there, to pursue his game. Fair indeed are the professions of these teachers, but who can tell but theirs is some deep laid scheme gradually to bring us into the same bondage with the black and olive race. By their love of freedom, therefore, he conjured them to

stand aloof from these messengers of a slave holding community. The assembly then broke up in great agitation and marked dissatisfaction, while I inwardly groaned, "*Physician, heal thyself.*" We now found ourselves entirely at a stand. Retiring to the log dwelling of one of the brethren, a multitude of half despairing plans were proposed. One recommended that we should undertake a mission to the long oppressed Jews, another to the slave supplying regions of Western Africa, and a third to the Greek and Armenian *rajahs*, who had just been enfranchised by the *Hatti Sheriff*, or new Constitution of the young Sultan of Turkey. But these and similar proposals were effectually silenced by what had now become a melancholy proverb, "*Physician, heal thyself,*" so that fetching a deep sigh, I was awaked from my dream.

TO THE SOUTH.

BY H. H. SMITH.

A CURSE is on your mountains,
 Wo, wo, on every plain,
Your rivulets and fountains
 Pour forth a wailing strain.

Down from the breezy highlands,
 Out from the mead and lawn,
Up from the dank sea-islands,
 A wild lament is gone.

Must all throughout your borders
 The marks of sorrow wear ;
The breeze that bears rich odors,
 The groans of bondage bear ?

'Tis Slavery that defaces
 Your blooming orange-bowers,
Mars all your pleasant places,
 Your beauteous shrubs and flowers.

The clods that nurse these blossoms,
 That form the valley's pride,
Within their fearful bosoms,
 The murdered bondmen hide.

The plague and pest of slavery,
 Stamps dale and dell and wood ;
'Tis there your boasted bravery
 Is hunting guiltless blood.

Your land, ah what can save her?
To moral worth deny'd,
The slave and the enslaver,
Alike are brutify'd.

My soul as thou abhorrest,
The outrage, sin and shame,
That stain her fields and forests,
Do thou her guilt proclaim.

Glastenbury, April.

GENIUS OF PHILANTHROPY.

Our country is the world—our countrymen are all mankind.

WM. L. GARRISON.

No element of human nature so clearly reflects the lineaments of the *Divine Character*, as philanthropy. This is the richest, choicest flower in the garden of the soul. It is love—*love* towards the human race, a ray beaming forth from the great source of light, a stream gushing from the perennial fountain of benevolence. It does not confine itself to any specific clime or rank, but diffuses its genial influence over all. It is the golden chain that encircles and unites the different branches of the human family in one common *brotherhood*. It hovers alike around the scenes of dissipation; the abodes of misery; and the dens of vice. When on its errand of mercy, it heeds not the chilling blast of the tempest; the tumbling billows of the angry deep; nor the noxious fumes of the raging pestilence. Misery clothed in all its sad realities, finds a pillow of repose on the *bosom* of philanthropy—a refuge from the withering scorn of a cheerless world. Philanthropy is diffusive as the atmosphere; it penetrates the most expansive deserts; crosses the broadest oceans; and scales the loftiest mountains. *Its horizon* is not merely the circumference of a *petty state* or *territory*, but of the *vast universe*. It cannot be confined to sectional or national limits, its elastic influence *surmounts* the most formidable barriers;

though they *tower* among the clouds. The heart of the philanthropist gushes as freely for those who inhabit the home of *eternal frosts* and *snows*, as for those who recline on the lap of luxury and ease, amid the *ever verdant* and *spicy groves* of the south. His bosom throbs with as deep emotion for the inhabitants of that region, which catches the first golden beams of the *Sun*, as for their far distant neighbors, on whom flashes *his* receding rays. It is impossible to contemplate this noble principle of human nature, without its exciting in our bosoms the emotions of sublimity; and to *him*, whose soul is not *dead*, and *callous* to every generous sentiment, the claims of philanthropy, speak in a *voice, silent, indeed* to the *ear*, but *audible* to the *heart*. When the *man* is merged in the *philanthropist*, then the *loftiest height* of human greatness is attained. If there be aught of earth, capable of exciting the ennobling emotions of sublimity, it is the contemplation of the philanthropist, with the rays of heaven's unchanging light reflecting from his brow, putting forth all the energy of his nature, in exertions to elevate the human race; to dry up the bitter fountains of anguish; and to destroy the malignant enemies of our common humanity. Not even a sigh of anguish escapes the grief-torn bosom of the criminal, incarcerated in the damp cells of the dismal dungeon; nor an expiring groan of the care-worn soldier, weltering in gore on the battle field; nor a heart-rending sob of the captive pining away in brokenness of spirit, under the *insatiable demon* of oppression, without melting into tenderness the philanthropist's heart. He scans with intense interest every thing which pertains to the weal or woe of the human family, and his bosom dilates with inexpressible rapture, when the humblest child of sorrow ceases to mourn. Philanthropy,

"Sun of the soul! Sweet soother of all woe!
Balm-shaded fount where rills perpetual flow!
Your healing dews, with life's harsh waters blend,
Till he who lives a stranger, looks a friend.
This hath been *seen* on earth's unbounded plains;
This hath been *felt*, as wide as misery reigns;
This shall be known when God's majestic car,
Hath *crushed* the broods of *Slavery* and *War*,
One realm of peace the *Universe* become,
Mankind a *brotherhood* and *Earth* a *Home*."

The maxim of the modern politician that honesty is excellent only in theory, but that policy is preferable in practice, has no affinity with the principles of philanthropy. Such a sentiment, is the *essence of selfishness*, the inveterate foe of human happiness. This selfish principle has long essayed to pluck the bright gem of philanthropy from the crown of human nature, and quench its glowing rays, but its efforts have proved unsuccessful; it still beams with unabated brilliancy; not like the lurid gleams of the lightning, which occasionally flash through the heavens at midnight, but like the *Sun*, pouring a ceaseless flood of light and warmth upon all around. The philanthropist strives not to wreath a crown of terrestrial fame around his brow, or to perpetuate his noble deeds by monuments or statues; his record is in heaven, and in the world's great harvest day, when monumental marble has *mouldered to dust*, and the *trump* of worldly fame has *blown* its final blast, *that record* shall glow with *transcendant brilliancy*. Let the ambitious votaries of earth, *pause*, in their infatuated career, and for a moment *gaze* upon the enrapturing bliss that clusters around the path of the Christian philanthropist, and while viewing this transporting sight, do they not *sicken* at their scrambles, for a mere bubble of human applause,

which the least blast of disapprobation dissipates, and whelms their aspirants in mortification and despair. Let *others* delve the mine, and tempt the briny deep, and amass possessions; they shall *burn* in the final conflagration; let *others* entwine the victor's laurel, it shall *fade* and *wither* on their brows; let *others* be celebrated by oppression and blood, they shall *perish*, and their names shall be *consigned* to perpetual infamy; but let *me* follow in the footsteps of Howard, Wilberforce, or the *Divine Philanthropist* of the human race, and I ask no more. A stupendous work of reform invokes the assistance of philanthropy. The world lying in sin and wickedness must be redeemed—the dark clouds of heathenism which envelop so much of earth must be dissipated—the troubled ocean of intemperance must cease to roll its scathing surges over human hopes and happiness—the shrill blasts of war, and the dying moans of the vanquished must be hushed—the blighting, soul-crushing influence of cruel prejudice must be annihilated—the deep agony of bleeding humanity must be assuaged—the bloody fabric of *American oppression*, with all its detestable appendages must be crumbled to ruins. “The harvest is plenteous but the laborers are few.” Philanthropists, Christians, in the name of Israel's God, be entreated to consecrate your energy and influence to this benevolent work, and let the tears of your sympathy flow until there shall accumulate one vast ocean, whose bright waters shall reflect the beams of philanthropy and irradiate the world with the light and love of Heaven.

R. S. RUST.

Wesleyan University.

GO PREACH MY GOSPEL.

BY M. V. BALL.

"Go preach my gospel" to the hardened Jew,
Said the Redeemer to his chosen few,
"Go preach my gospel" wheresoe'er is found
A form of clay with God-like image crown'd;
Go to all nations, kindreds, tongues and tribes,
To Sadduceean caste and haughty Scribes,
Go tell the Greek 'tis heaven's supreme decree,
His mighty wisdom shall confounded be;
That none shall glory, saving in the name,
Of him who from the root of Jesse came!
Go haste to Ind where flowery palm trees bloom,
And bid the Hindoo cast away the gloom,
That o'er his soul is spread by Nicban's dreams,
Or freezing hills, or darkly burning streams;
Haste ye to Greenland's snow-clad mountaineer,
Where reigns the iceberg through the wasting year,
Where scarce is seen the cheering light of day,
And man in error gropes his downward way;
High lift the cross, the cross whose heavenly light,
Shall joy diffuse, and quickly put to flight,
Illusions vain, that cloud the 'wildered mind,
Of him who seeks a God and heaven to find.

Go, my disciples, with you to the end
I'll constant be, a true, unwavering friend,
Throughout all years till time shall be complete,
And earth and sky scroll-like together meet.

Thus spake the Saviour, and in living light,
The God ascended from their wondering sight,
Heaven opened wide its gates of burnished gold,
And minist'ring angels all the tale unfold !

And hath the Church *fulfilled* the high command,
And gospel light illumined every land ;
Say hath she cast her gold and silver forth,
To bless the South, the East, the West, and North,
Hath pagan nations caught the gladsome word,
And ransom'd myriads flock'd to meet their Lord ?
Hath the lone *captive* left his cankering chain,
And hasted forth, rejoicing, that from pain,
And servitude, and ignominious toil,
He now is free, on fair Columbia's soil ?
Hath the slave mother 'neath Floridian skies,
Wiped the salt tear-drop from her fading eyes,
Say, can she clasp her babe in rapture sweet,
Delighted, that at evening's close she'll meet,
The partner of her lot, safe home returned,
To share the joys sweet *Freedom* hath confirmed ?
Say, hath the gospel trump of silvery strain,
Waked to new life the exile on the plain,
Who worn with journeying, spent with hopeless grief,
Petitions heaven for death to give relief,
And end the sad remembrance of that day,
That tore him from his wife and babes away.

Answer ye Watchmen on fair Zion's wall,
Ye who the Church, the Lord's anointed call,
Answer, if ye that silvery trump have blown,
And to His people their transgressions shown ;
Answer, if ye at morning and at noon,
By the way side, beneath the quiet moon,

Have preached deliverance to the captive soul,
Long sunk in sin, debased by earth's control ?

Answer, ye Christians, who beneath your vines,
And fig trees fair, and lovely Sabbath chimes,
Have dwelt at ease, not heeding the deep groans,
Of souls entombed, whose bitter swelling moans,
Heavenward have fled, and reached his holy ears,
Who bore for man a life of grief and tears !

Answer ye priestesses, who daily stand,
Beside home's altars in our favored land,
Answer, if ye the poor man's cause sustain,
When priest and Levite, and the giddy train,
In cold contempt pass heedlessly away,
Nor wait to bind his wounds, nor weep, nor watch, nor
pray !

O, ever may ye like that woman band,
Who dwelt in Palestina's sacred land,
Be found sustaining him, who, spent with grief,
Sues with sad looks, for comfort and relief ;
For know ye, that when he who gave command,
"Go preach my gospel" unto every land,
Know, that when he in flaming clouds shall rise,
And call his chosen to ascend the skies,
They, and they only, shall his glory see,
They, and they only, join heaven's minstrelsy !

Boston, May, 1840.

GUILT OF THE NORTH—THE NATIONAL COMPACT.

BY WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

THE American Slaveholder is without excuse, and the whole nation stands justly condemned in the presence of an assembled universe. I say the whole nation—for the North is scarcely less guilty than the South. It is in vain that we pour out the vials of our indignation upon the Southern portion of our land, while the Northern section is equally committed to do evil. If any man demand of me why I do not go to the South, this is my answer: Not that I am unwilling to encounter peril, or suffer death, in the propagation of truth, if it be the will of God; but that there is a great work to be done at home, before any reformation can be effected in the slaveholding regions. When I remember that there is not one foot of ground in all New-England, upon which a fugitive slave can stand in safety from his pursuers—not one city of refuge into which he can flee when famished, lacerated, and tortured to madness;—when I reflect that the people of the free States, in their sovereign capacity, readily agree to recapture, and send back to his enraged master, the unhappy creature who has surmounted the perils of the wilderness, and escaped from the jaws of keen-scented, swift-footed bloodhounds;—when I think of these things, my mind is filled with horror—a righteous indignation inflames my spirit—my brain grows unsteady through excitement.

I feel as if no other reason were necessary, why I do not go to the South. There are some among us, I know, who would sooner die at the stake than stain their hands with blood, in aiding or abetting the prowling kidnapper, or his agent, to recover his self-emancipated bondmen. This spirit ought to be universal. The man who is devoid of it shows that he has "no flesh in his obdurate heart"—that he has the spirit of Satan, and not of Christ. People of New-England! I have a message to you from the Lord—that you publicly clear yourselves from all participation in this slave-catching business. Until you do so, "though you wash yourselves with nitre, and use much soap, yet your iniquity is marked before me, saith the Lord."—"For how can ye say, We are not polluted, we have not gone after Baalim?"—"Wash you, make you clean; put away the evil of your doings; seek judgment, relieve the oppressed, judge the fatherless, plead for the widow." Proclaim in all your public assemblies that, as soon as a slave touches your sacred soil, or breathes its air, "that moment he is free."

If I am asked, whether I am not aware of the compact which has been made—or, more truly, which is assumed to have been made—between the North and the South, in regard to this very thing, my reply is—*I am*. If, then, I am asked, whether I mean to counsel you to trample that part of the compact under your feet, as an unholy thing, my answer is—I do. And for two reasons: "We ought to obey God, rather than man."—"Whether it be right, in the sight of God, to hearken unto men more than unto God, judge ye." As for myself, if in any sense, or in any manner, I have been a party to the compact between Northern liberty and Southern slavery, I now proclaim a dissolution between that

compact and myself. I will neither politically nor religiously consent to a union with felons of the worst grade, with tyrants, with men-stealers. There is no law of the land that can justly bind me to such an alliance: there is no law of God, that allows me to recognize it as of any rightful authority.

I fear, I greatly fear that this nation is doomed to destruction, though a remnant shall surely be saved. The progress of the Anti-Slavery cause has been, indeed, surprising—and so far there is ground for hope; but, oh! what a change yet remains to be wrought in public sentiment, before we shall be in a condition to receive the forgiveness of heaven! Will the Lord of hosts prolong our day of probation? Is not this the prospect before us, that “through his wrath the land shall be darkened, and the people be as the fuel of the fire? No man shall spare his brother!”

Alas! alas! the leaders of the people, in Church and State, cause them to err; and they that are led of them are destroyed. The damning sin of idolatry is prevalent in the land. The American people know not God, neither will they listen to the voice of his Son. They have made unto themselves an idol, which they exalt above all that is called God. It is not an idol of wood or stone, like unto Juggernaut—but a deity which they call **THE UNION**, the ponderous wheels of whose car are rolling over the bodies of millions of the inhabitants, so that the soil is red with human blood. It is a golden image which they have set up; and whoso speaketh against it, or falleth not down and worshippeth it, must be prepared to be cast into the midst of a burning fiery furnace! “**THE UNION MUST BE PRESERVED!**”—though it be at the sacrifice of humanity, justice, righteousness! “It must be preserved!”—though it is based upon the sand of

expediency, and not upon the rock of principle; and though it is cemented with blood, and upheld by violence! But how is this possible? Can a house, divided against itself, stand? "Say ye not, a confederacy, to all them to whom this people shall say, A confederacy; neither fear ye their fear, nor be afraid." "Wherefore, hear the word of the Lord, ye scornful men that rule this people. Because ye have said, We have made a covenant with death, and with hell are we at agreement; when the overflowing scourge shall pass through, it shall not come unto us: for we have made lies our refuge, and under falsehood have we hid ourselves. Therefore, thus saith the Lord, Judgment will I lay to the line, and righteousness to the plummet; and the hail shall sweep away the refuge of lies, and the waters shall overflow the hiding place. And your covenant with death shall be disannulled, and your agreement with hell shall not stand; when the overflowing scourge shall pass through, then ye shall be trodden down by it."

"UNITED, WE STAND—DIVIDED, WE FALL." United? United in what? In doing evil, that good may come? In striking hands with thieves, and consenting with adulterers? In pledging the physical force of twelve millions of the inhabitants of the land, to keep in chains and slavery two millions and a half? In allowing the worst of tyrants to sit in both houses of Congress, as legislators to make laws for freemen and Christians, giving them, in addition, all the political power which belongs to their slaves? In providing that no runaway slave shall find a resting-place for the sole of his foot in any part of the republic? In seeking to exterminate, even with blood-hounds, the feeble remnants of the red men of our wilderness? In grinding the faces, and scorning the very sight of the emancipated people of

color? Truly, in all these things we *are* UNITED — and shall we therefore be able to stand?

“DIVIDED, WE FALL.” Then, I fear, our fall is certain; for our boasted union is but a rope of sand, which shall be broken by the first wave of God’s retributive justice. “Be not deceived: God is not mocked: for whatsoever a people sow, that shall they also reap.” Citizens! exercise your own good sense, and decide. Can the Genius of Liberty and the Demon of Oppression belong to the same league? Is there any such thing as a union of right and wrong—of virtue and vice—of honor and infamy? Surely, in order to bring it to pass, right must be no longer right, virtue no longer virtue, honor no longer honor. We are united, in form, it is true; but we are not, we never have been, we never can be, united in spirit, so long as slavery is tolerated in the land. Fire and water can never coalesce; neither can freedom and tyranny enter into equal co-partnership. It is true, to a superficial observer, the American Union is, outwardly, very beautiful; but, on examination, he will find it, inwardly, full of dead men’s bones and of all uncleanness. The Union! Of what value is it to me, to any man who is an abolitionist?—i. e. the friend of universal liberty. Fellow-citizens! know you not that you will be treated as outlaws in the slave-holding regions, if you shall dare to express your abhorrence of slavery, and, in the name of justice and humanity, demand its immediate abolition? Was it for such a Union as this, that our revolutionary sires poured out their blood like water? Awake to a sense of your danger, and behold your real condition! All that keeps this Union together is the cord of selfishness—and what can be more brittle? Be admonished! Utterly futile will be every attempt to perpetuate it by external re-

straints, or legislative enactments, or judicial penalties ; or by any military forces, or political checks and balances, or democratic creeds and forms. All these can never be a substitute for *righteousness*, which alone can exalt, and preserve, and unite a nation. The only union that can stand in the day of visitation, is the union of our souls to GOD, and to his SON JESUS CHRIST—a union of hearts in love—a love which “worketh no ill to his neighbor,” and is the fulfilling of the law : for it is the sole prerogative of the God of heaven to set up a kingdom, and make a covenant that shall never be destroyed. “Cursed are all they who trust in man, or who make flesh their arm.”

Reader, by whose side are you resolved henceforth to be found—the bound and bleeding slave’s, or his tyrannical master’s ? Do you say that you should sympathize with them both ? I grant that you may not hate any man, however guilty he may be : but I ask, where in all the Bible do you find any command to sympathize with the oppressor ? or any palliations for his conduct ? or any intimations that he may not be sharply reproved ? Read what awful judgments God has pronounced against him by the mouth of his faithful prophets, Isaiah, Jeremiah and Ezekiel. Observe, too, how just in proportion as Jehovah flames with holy indignation against the oppressor, he pours out the infinite fulness of his soul in yearning sympathy over the oppressed ! To the former, he is a consuming fire ; to the latter, all tenderness and compassion. Now, “be ye perfect, even as your Father who is in heaven is perfect.” Imitate him in his views and feelings, as you contemplate the horrors of slavery. If, hitherto, you have attempted to shield the slaveholder from condemnation, do so no more, at the peril of your soul ; for he is utterly inexcusable. Cry

aloud—but not in *his* defence. “Open thy mouth for the dumb, in the cause of all such as are appointed to destruction.” And who are they, if they be not your enslaved and imbruted countrymen at the South? Unite with those who are endeavoring to save the nation from ruin, by undoing the heavy burdens, and letting the oppressed go free; and consecrate a just portion of your time, your talents, your influence, your property, your labors and prayers, to the support of this holy enterprise. The Lord ever works by instrumentalities, and let him find in you a loving mind to do his will. So shall you glorify his name, and the blessings of those who are ready to perish, shall rest upon your head!

SLAVEHOLDERS SPEAKING OF NORTHERN DOUGH-FACES.

BY H. H. SMITH.

WHAT paltry fools they are to fear
The threats and swaggering of the South;
At our clenched fists away they steer,
And if we say, shut up your mouth,
They mind us, with a soul no bigger
Than if each were a dumb white nigger.

We have given them a good seasoning,
Well disciplined, in Southern mode;
They believe in all our reasoning,
And think the District was bestowed,
To be a mart for human chattels
As well as fighting Congress battles.

Think they their laws were made for slavery?
That they to us are bowing down?
Or do they fear our Southern bravery!
They dare not say their soul's their own;
They tremble to gainsay slave-holders,
Lest all their heads should leave their shoulders.

And how we shame them — Abolition
Is a word they will disclaim,
As if it would be their perdition
To be suspected of the name;
Thus they begin — “I must insist
I am no abolitionist.”

Our gag is copied wondrous well
In every Northern country town;
Discussion stopped by shout and yell,
And their own laws are clamor'd down,
As if they had been taking lessons
Of Waddy Thompsons, Bynums, Prestons,
Glastenbury, April, 1840.

THE BLOODY BANNER.

BY LAURILLA ALEROYLA.

WHAT banner floats on yonder sea? Its silken folds seem tinged with gold. The royal purple hue is there, with crimson red, imperial blue and scarlet rays, bright as the flame of sunset glow. It is a splendid banner. What valiant nation owns it? Proudly it bears its radiant colors to the sky, and fearlessly and joyfully it dances o'er the mighty deep. But stay—that is no Tyrian die—no sunset ray. That banner's glowing hue is blood! The purple stream of life is flowing there! See, oh see, the reeking gore has crimsoned even ocean's wave.

What nation's banner may that be? Is it England's Lion bold? Oh no! No Lion there; not *that* the flag of Albion's sons. What! see you not that soaring Eagle? Know you not those brilliant stripes? It is the far-famed, star-gilt banner of America. America! That is a noble nation. Well I know her gallant story. She was taxed by kingly power—abused by kingly pride—and she revolted. She would not bear oppression. She led her youthful troops, unarmed, undisciplined, against a monarch's veteran bands, and fought for liberty. She dared even England's power, and bravely won her Independence. Well may the towering Eagle deck her banner. Well may the stars of heaven glitter there, and well may rainbow stripes adorn it; for she gave liberty, peace, happiness, and equal rights to all her people.

But *why* is the banner of America still wet with blood? What battle has she fought—what victory won? With what bold nation is she now at war? With none. On every breeze her flag is freely borne; it waves in peace o'er every sea. In peace! Why streams that banner then with blood?

America has shorn her beauteous flag of all its honors. Oh, she has drenched that lofty banner in the gore of guiltless Africa. Not in the gore of "mighty chieftain"—not in the gore of "sable warrior armed for fight," but in the gore of unresisting millions, chained and stricken to the earth. Oh, she has dipt her noble banner in the blood of the defenceless mother—in the blood of helpless children and of shrieking babes!! Avaunt thou cursed banner! Pestilence is in thy stars—treachery in thy coward Eagle! murder in thy stripes!! Oh, bring to me the flag of Europe's despot-kings; even the Sultan's crescent bring—Mahomet's standard bear—but take, oh take away the Bloody Banner of America!!

THE SLAVE'S LAMENT.

BY GEORGE STEARNS.

I RAMBLED alone on a southern shore,
Where the vine encircles the sycamore ;
Where sometimes in a December day
The skies are as mild as a northern May ;
But where, when Sirius joins the sun,
There's fever and thirst for the shelterless one.

'T was the time when the vine its rich clusters doth shed,
When the ivy hangs out its gay tresses of red,
When its winding-sheet the chrysalis weaves,
And the sickle is heard 'mid the falling of sheaves ;
Yet flowers were there, which had just begun
To dye themselves in the autumn sun.

I sat in the shade of a myrtle tree,
And a bounteous view delighted me :
The orange limb bended with golden weight,
The air was scented with melon and date,
And a winding stream would the eye entice,
To a cany brake, through fields of rice.

A dream-like thought came over me there,
Which was of the Author of all things fair,
While Phœbus was soft'ning his westerly glow,
Till Dian had hung up her silvery bow,
And left me unconscious that evening was near,
Till the plaint of a sorrower wakened my ear :—

“Welcome, evening ! with the day
Now the sultry hours away,
And the lengthning shadows cast
Sweet oblivion on the past,
When, beneath the fainting heat,
Time has gone on sluggish feet,
And the tasker's eye would chide
Human hope and manly pride,
Till the aching heart would sigh
For a respite, or to die.

“Now the stars are looking bright
From their home of chrysolite ;
Freeborn swains are whistling shrill
To the song of whip-poor-will ;
And the lover's serenade
Woos the ear of lily maid ;
While the cricket's song of glee
Tells how joyous are the free :
But the slave of low distress,
Where's the sight or sound can bless ?

“From the freeman's lighted hall
Comes the voice of festival ;
By the gorgeous chandelier
Tapestry and board appear,
And the savory dishes, where
Group the smiling and the fair :
Mine a scanty meal of corn,—
Let me drown in sleep till morn,
And my burden then shall be,
That I wake not to be free.

“I have wife, and children too,
Dear as freeman ever knew ;

But, alas ! oppression's hand
Severed wide the nuptial band ;
And, for many a lingering year,
Love has cherished sorrow's tear.
I shall never see them more,
Till my dreary days are o'er,
Till we meet beyond the grave,
Where ONE careth for the slave !”

My feet the sorrower's way forsook,
But my burdened soul his wo partook,
Which could my nation's heart have felt,
How would the chains of slavery melt ;
And Afric's sons, no more to wail,
Would the blest dawn of Freedom hail !

Weston, Mass., April 16, 1840.

THE TRIUMPH OF FREEDOM.

BY D. PLUMB.

THE present is an era of important events. The light of science and religion is spreading with a rapidity unparalleled in the world's history. The true notion of civil government is becoming more fully developed, as being an institution of human happiness, and not an instrument of despotic power ; while the diffusion of virtue and knowledge is seen, more than ever, to be the only safeguard of its purity and permanence. The establishment of correct principles of moral action ; the distinct recognition of *fundamental* and *inalienable* RIGHTS, and a mutual adherence among men to the *law* of LOVE, are beginning to be every where acknowledged as the three-fold bond of human society, without which it cannot long continue in happy and harmonious operation.

Hence the patriot, the philanthropist, and the Christian have begun to cast about them for the means of gathering in those who are cast without the pale of humanity, and of elevating them to their true position among men. Plans of the most enlarged benevolence have been originated and carried into successful operation for the accomplishment of these ends ; among which stands pre-eminently forth the Anti-Slavery cause, throwing its glory across the dark heavens that curtain the home of the slave, and resuscitating within his bosom the languishing hopes that have so long been mocked by the illusive dreams of redemption. Yes, in the depart-

ments of civil and natural liberty a glorious era has dawned upon the world. Principles and instrumentalities are now at work which must shake the nations until every system of oppression is thrown down. The spirit of reform is pervading the dynasties of Europe, and soon it will sweep the last tyrant from his already tottering throne, and vindicate and establish for the Old World that long-forgotten truth, that LIBERTY is the *inalienable RIGHT of every man*.

Slavery is beginning to be condemned, not only in word, but in *fact* and in *practice*, by the whole civilized world. France, Spain, Portugal, Denmark, Sweden, Austria, Prussia and Germany have all, at different times, put their hands to the work of emancipation; and England, especially, has lately marched nobly up to the land-marks of freedom. The wailings of her slaves, in her colonial isles, have been borne by the moaning winds to her shores, and they have not been heard in vain. Those wailings have ceased; her bondmen are FREE; and the songs of redeemed thousands roll along her valleys, and fill her free air with jubilant sounds.

France is about preparing to strike a final blow at the system of oppression in her realms, and soon not a yoke nor a chain will be seen in all her domains, except for the lawless and ungovernable. Even the Pope has uttered his anathemas against the hellish traffic in the "*bodies and souls of men*," and has called upon the Catholic fraternity concerned, to cease from the unrighteous commerce and end their deeds of oppression and wrong. When Popes and absolute monarchs begin to plead for the *rights of humanity*, then may the oppressed subject and the toil-worn captive lift their heads and throw their down-cast eyes aloft to catch the first glimmerings of the day-dawn of their redemption.

And not only do the signs of the bondman's deliverance multiply upon the eastern continent, but the *star* of American liberty, that rose in the stormy times of the revolution, but which has hitherto shone but dimly in our national horizon, and with *partial* radiations, is destined, ere long, to burst forth from the clouds that at present obscure it, and pour its mild, and steady, and life-giving beams on *all* the inhabitants of the land. Yes, the day of redemption for the slaves of our country draws nigh. The means are in operation which, under God, shall accomplish the glorious work. In vain will be the opposition of the tyrant and his abettors. The deed is demanded in the name of God, "who has made of one blood *all* nations," and "who executeth judgment for *all that are oppressed.*" It is demanded in the name of *humanity*, whose gushing benevolence can never cease to flow so long as there remains one wo to assuage, or one tear to wipe away from the cheek of suffering man. It is demanded in the name of LIBERTY, who sits sad and with veiled face in our midst, while she waits to confer the priceless boon of *freedom* upon *millions* from whom it has been unrighteously plundered.

And shall not this trio call be regarded? Shall it not be successful? It SHALL. The *justice* of the nation is not yet powerless that it should not *act*. The *heart* of the nation is not yet a *stone* that it should not *move*. The *benevolence* of the nation is not yet *frozen up* that it should not *flow*; but JUSTICE and MERCY shall shortly meet together, rejoicing over emancipated millions in our land. Already is LIBERTY, like a mighty conqueror, advancing in glorious triumph, and dragging at the wheels of his car, as the trophies of conquest, *manacles*, and *chains*, and *yokes*, and fragments of the *demolished thrones* of scepter-bearing tyrants and oppressors. Soon

shall the voice of JEHOVAH be heard saying, "PROCLAIM LIBERTY THROUGHOUT ALL THE LAND UNTO ALL THE INHABITANTS THEREOF;" and *Omnipotence* shall be there to render efficient the fiat, and the work *shall be* DONE. Then shall the principle of *love* "that worketh no ill to our neighbor," bind together the different branches of the family of man in the bonds of a common brotherhood. Then shall the "Sun of Righteousness," blending his rays with the orb of Liberty, illumine every portion of the moral heavens, and irradiate every land with noon-day effulgence. Then shall "wars cease under the whole heaven," and the olive-branch of peace wave triumphantly over a quiet and harmonious world; and the sighings of the prisoners and the groanings of the oppressed shall no longer mingle with the passing breeze, but the song of *universal* JUBILEE shall swell and fill the world.

“WE ARE VERILY GUILTY CONCERN- ING OUR BROTHER.”

BY HENRY GREW.

GUILTY! Just God, 'tis even so. On thy
Fair brow COLUMBIA, by heaven's signet stamp'd,
The charge is fixed, deep and indelible,
Till penitence shall wash the stain away.

Guilty: for we, O Lord, have known thy law
Of everlasting right. “Even as thyself
Thy neighbor love.” Afar we sent it forth,
That despots all might learn and tyrants know,
God ne'er made man to be the slave of man.
O mockery! Back in the teachers' teeth
The keen retort is flung, “teach first thyself.”

Guilty! But who shall tell the direful tale
Or count the woes which avarice has poured
Into our brother's soul? Oppression vile!
No human right thy reckless hand will spare!
Far more than “pound of flesh” it doth require:
BLOOD! BLOOD! against us crieth from the ground.

On to his unpaid toil, behold thy brother driven,
His quivering, tortured flesh, with cruel stripes is riven;
Children, and wife more dear, for love of filthy gold,
With mockery of his tears, are in the market sold:
The mind, the godlike soul, sustains severer blight;
To blind to sense of wrong, 'tis robbed of heaven's own
light;

Its every opening power, crushed in its embryo state,
And then the impious wrong charged to eternal fate.

Guilty! Yet mercy holdeth back awhile
Thy thunderbolts, O Lord. Nations less vile,
In Heaven's estimate, like potter's vase,
To pieces have been dashed. Yet is the sword un-
sheathed,

And on its fiery blade, in living light,
Mark well the charge eternal justice brings;
"Ye know your duty but ye do it not."
O now thy day of "visitation" know,
And ere the gathering storm of vengeance burst,
Enter the port of penitence and peace.

Philadelphia, April 4th, 1840.

PRAYER.

WHEN kneeling at the shrine of prayer,
Rich blessings we implore ;
The slave should be remembered there,
'Till all his toils are o'er.

MUCH has been written, said and done, to release the slave from his chains, but a weapon more powerful than the pen or tongue is needed, to demolish the strong tower of oppression, which stands guarded by the pride and avarice of man. This weapon is prayer, fervent, effectual prayer. It is too often suffered to lie useless, while other means are resorted to, which, in comparison with this, are powerless. When the friends of the slave learn the full value of this spiritual weapon, and how to use it aright, they may then expect to see the mighty Babel of iniquity, against which their shafts are directed, crumble and fall. When they go to the mercy-seat with their hearts bleeding for the wrongs of their injured brother, and make his case *their own*, their petitions will not be in vain, if presented for the sake of *Him*, who takes delight in loosening the chains of the captive, and giving the weary rest.

Some of the most glorious displays of the power and mercy of God in this world of sin, have been made in answer to prayer. Humble, fervent prayer ascends to the heights of heaven, penetrates the clouds and darkness which surround the throne of the Almighty, enters his listening ear, and causes him to pour down his blessings in transforming and purifying showers, upon

a guilty world. Let the whole band of Christians, with one heart, send up their supplications to heaven in an unbroken column of incense, until their largest desires shall be fulfilled; until the oppressor and his wretched victim bow together at the feet of Jesus, and the sinful relation which now exists between them, be exchanged for the holy union of Christian fraternity.

Philadelphia.

CONNECTICUT.

The arms of this State are three vines, with the motto—*Qui trans-
tulet, sustinet.*

BY M. W. CHAPMAN.

COME, toil-worn, and care-worn, and battle-worn friends!
Ye bound with the bondman, till tyranny ends!
From the glimmer of dawn on the waves of the sea,
To the shadows of sunset, wherever ye be,
Take courage and comfort! Our land of bright streams
And beautiful valleys, awakes from her dreams,
At the sound of your voices, and calls from its grave,
The Spirit of Freedom, to shelter the SLAVE.
Our rocks bear a record that rouses the blood:
“Resistance to tyrants is duty to God!”
And the conflict of *Spirit* is kindling afar,
And mothers are girding their sons for the war!
Be glad! for the land of the *vine* and the *oak*,
The slumbers that bound her hath joyously broke;
Our people,—they gather their forests among—
They throng to their temples, with prayer and with song,
Our mountains are ringing with Freedom’s Refrain—
“The land of the *Charter* shall shiver the chain!”
Well is it, ye sons of the puritan stock,
That your slumbers no longer your forefathers mock!
The vine that they cherished, yet richly shall yield,
Its clusters of fruitage, empurpling the field:
For the people that twine it their armor around,
In token of faith in the promise which crowned

The day of its planting, no longer forget
The Slave! and a blessing shall rest on them yet,
As they sing in its shadow their joyous refrain—
“The God who transplanted, shall ever sustain!”

Boston, April, 1840.

THE PATIENT SUFFERER.

A LEAF FROM A PASTOR'S ALBUM.

How kindly constituted to every exigency of our lonely life, is our blessed faith! Like an angel of mercy, it comes to us in all our sorrow, making grief almost coveted, by its kindly solacings. For every tear it bears a precious recompense; each sigh wakens a responsive tone of sympathy; into the stricken bosom it pours an ocean of generous comfort; the humble dwelling-place of poverty, becomes radiant with the hues of heaven, and perishing want abounds with priceless riches. "I give thee to God, sweet babe"—and the faithful mother kisses the cold brow of her heart's idol, a holy smile beaming through the tears that nature sheds. "The passing seraph's wing is there." "I leave thee, helpless one, in thy Savior's bosom. He shall be to thee "a father to the fatherless," and guard thee with all a mother's gentleness"—and again, nature's trembling reed is bruised, not broken.

These seeming paradoxes, so chastening in their influence, meet us, at every step; and the simple recital I now give, is but the daily experience of many of Christ's suffering children.

One cold, bleak, November evening, I knocked at the door of a miserable block, in one of the darkest lanes in the city, and enquiring for the person of whom I was in pursuit, was directed up, story after story, till reaching the attic, an emaciated colored female answered my

summons, and welcomed, with the most grateful acknowledgements, my visit to her desolate home.

There were a few expiring embers upon the hearth, over which two small children sat shivering. The furniture of the room consisted of a broken chair, an old chest, a straw pallet in one corner, and a much used family Bible. The possessor of this small inventory, was indeed a child of sorrow. Born a slave, in the fair, though sullied land of the orange blossom; although placed under circumstances a thousand times happier than many of her groaning sisters, yet she had experienced deeply its withering curse. Parents, and brothers, and sister, she had none; for she had seen them, one after another, worn out with toil, die in their galling servitude.

Her husband, by incessant laboring, had purchased her freedom, and his own; and awhile, together, they had enjoyed this heaven-given boon. But lately providence had stricken her again with the loss of her husband. Unknown and friendless in the wide city, she had struggled on without one murmur or repining wish, solacing her aching heart, with the blessed assurance, that "the Lord had done it, and He doeth all things well." The sad vacancy in the heart, produced by the loss of friends, was richly supplied by the chosen communion of her Heavenly Father; and as the sparrow wanteth not, she trusted humbly that her trembling babes would yet be fed by him. It was a luxury to converse with her, and listen to the sweet resignation with which she met her sufferings; but it was truly soul-subduing, when, with the deepest gratitude, she spoke of the abundance of her earthly comforts.

I saw that I had interrupted her evening meal, and requested her to proceed without noticing me. She

gathered her little ones around the old chest, and brought a plate, containing a few crusts of bread, as their intended repast.

As she sat down, awhile, she remained lost in thought, now and then a tear dropping down upon her cheek; then raising her eyes to heaven, and clasping her hands, she burst forth, with heart-subduing pathos, "All these blessings, Lord, and Christ too?" As I left that humble paradise, I thought I had discovered the essence of that command, "Whether ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." K.

Wesleyan University.

FASTS.

Isaiah, 58.

BY J. E. SMITH.

CRY out, loud as the trumpet's sounds,
To tell the land wherein
Its great iniquity abounds,
What its most heinous sin.
And does this nation seek the Lord,
Delight to know his way,
And as a nation love his word,
Esteem it, or obey?

But wherefore do we fast, say they,
Thou dost not see it more,
While ye find pleasure on that day
Exacting labor of the poor.
Ye fast for strife and for debate,
And with unholy hands ye smite.
And shall ye fast through wrong and hate,
In angry tone and call it right?

Is this a fast that I should heed,
When ye are down as for reward?
Wilt thou call this a fast indeed,
A day accepted of the Lord?
Is not this the fast I choose,
To ease the burdens which ye lay,
The bands of wickedness to loose,
And let the oppressed go free away?

And that ye break each yoke in twain,
And to the hungry deal thy bread,
The suffering poor that thou sustain,
Bring them—in kindness be they led
From whence ye drove them sad and lone ;
Aid them, and comfort, and refresh,
And cover ye the naked one :
Hide not thyself from thine own flesh.

Then light upon thy soul shall break,
The Lord will hear when thou shalt pray,
If from the midst of thee thou take
The galling yoke away.
If thy repenting soul incline
To soothe the afflicted one—that light
Shall o'er thy land of darkness shine,
And be as noon-day bright.

AN APPEAL TO CHRISTIAN FREEMEN IN BEHALF OF THE SLAVE.

BY C. T. ERVING.

HARK! a voice, it comes with sadness,
From yon fair and sunny land,
From those hearts unused to gladness,
And from Afric's sultry strand,—
Hearts, which beat with sad emotion,
As they cast a tearful eye,
O'er Atlantic's foaming ocean,
Where their friends and kindred lie.

Hark! a voice, it comes with wailing,
From old ocean's rugged waves,
Where yon guilty barque is sailing,
Stored with wretched captive slaves;
Oft its echo comes to greet us,
In this boasted land, and free;
Ah! how will their groanings meet us,
When before the Deity?

Hark, a voice, it comes with anguish,
Borne upon the southern air,
Where the sons of bondage languish,
Hear ye not the captive's prayer?
Yes, it comes in sorrow stealing
On the wings of every breeze,
List ye, those of honest feeling,
Say, what trembling sighs are these?

Hark, the voice is rising higher—
Louder—deeper, coming near,
If some token ye require,
Need ye but to look, and hear?
Hear the prayer of those in fetters,
Where the spangled banner floats,
Wrongs, imprinted in those letters,
Which the great Jehovah notes.

Can ye, 'round the altar bending,
In the act of fervent prayer,
When thy thoughts are upward tending,
Let not those in bondage share,—
Share the freeman's richest blessing,
Tokens of this favor'd land?
If the gifts are worth possessing,
Spread them with a liberal hand.

Christians, when in sweet communion,
Can ye think of those around,
Whom ye fellowship in union,
But, alas! in fetters bound?
Can ye think how Christ has freed you,
When beneath death's cruel chain?
Ah! methinks I hear you pleading,
For blest Liberty's pure reign.

MORN OF LIBERTY DAWNING.

BY ERASMUS D. HUDSON.

THE joyful sun of liberty is rising. The horizon is colored with his bright beams and golden tints. The dark, sullen and gloomy cloud of despotism which has long been brooding on the south, sending forth its withering, palsyng death-chill into the souls of men, and shadowing forth over our land its pestilential and blighting influences, desolating the heritage of our fathers, and destroying the precious boon of God to men, is now breaking, and fleeing before the glorious light of liberty's dawn.

The tyrant too, on his throne of human bones, beholds, with pallid, quivering lips, and trembling limbs, the harbinger of better, happier days, for the enslaved sons of God; and while the shout of liberty and joy, comes across the main, like the 'voice of many waters,' his soul sinks within him, and with a dull, death-rattle, he curses Christ, who is restoring liberty to man.

Hope, liberty and joy enter the captive soul, with their animating and healing powers. The *living*, latent power *to be free*, is enkindled, expanding and preparing the enslaved soul to burst its bonds. Christ's trumpet melting sound, proclaiming liberty on earth, good will to men, is bursting the chains of the slave, and causing the welkin to ring with joyous shouts of liberty, love, and glory to God.

And while the zephyr wafts the blessed sound from heaven to earth, and its re-echoings, the enchanting notes are caught by the tyrant's ear; his hard and unfeeling heart, touched by the truth is transmuted into flesh, and filled with tenderness and love, raises its rapturous song of praise to God and 'liberty to all mankind.' Brethren, hear ye not freedom's heavenly music going up from the disenthralled host in our land, led on by the Birneys, Nelsons and Brisbanes, who have washed their gory hands and blood stained garments, and made them white in Christ's fountain of love? Hear them cheering the weary heart-strings of the depressed, broken-hearted captive, calling them brethren and saying to them, ye belong to God our Father, and to Christ our Master.

Then lift up your heads, ye glorious band—ye chosen, happy few. Cheer on, ye despised and persecuted, who have sworn at the foot of the cross, to live or die for your brethren in bonds. Behold liberty emblazoning the sky. Hear Christ proclaiming it to you and all mankind. Though a host of Pharaohs threaten you, and the elements rage before you, behold Christ your leader and fear not.

Would you transmit to your children, your country and the church, liberty! not chains, rods and famine! then think not of lawless violence, loss of property and reputation, of stripes and imprisonments; think not of being branded by an evil world, by a corrupt church, as "evil doers, and of being made to suffer even unto bonds." What are all these? For justice and liberty, will ye not endure far sorer trials! Though kings, potentates, false prophets, and corrupt, pro-slavery churches, filled with hate even unto 'expatriation' conspire against us; though many who have run with us,

turn back and play the Judas, let us march boldly on, fighting the good fight of liberty, and the oppressed shall go free!

The trump of jubilee is sounding long and loud—the world is moving and congregating—kings issuing their decrees, and popes sending forth their bulls, and proclaiming liberty to the captive—yea, the whole earth is groaning, and preparing to make a mighty convulsive effort to emancipate herself from chains and slavery, and to proclaim liberty to all the inhabitants thereof. Then ye “who weep with those who weep shall rejoice with those who rejoice”—yea, king David like, we will dance mightily and sing! We will weep for joy, and laugh: clap our hands, and clasp each other in our free arms: and above all, send up a mighty shout—Glory to God! liberty on earth, and good will to men.

TO LIBERTY TURNED SLAVE- HOLDER.

BY H. H. SMITH.

THOU wert, when Ignorance ruled the world,
Exiled by queens and kings,
Thou wert from modern Europe hurled,
(Though now they tell us better things,)
Then, goddess, thy arrival here,
Was hailed with loud acclaim,
And Slavery, as it would appear,
Was viewed with grief and shame.

And in our compact 'twas abhorred,
For all were conscience-smitten ;
Our fathers dared not write the word,
And it was never written ;
The accursed thing was soon to end,
And every fetter riven,
So did those fathers comprehend,
Or no concessions had been given.

Then thou wert staunch and would not bow,
For sorely hadst thou striven ;
But oh ! how art thou fallen now,
Like Lucifer from heaven ;
Now lost to all thy former fame,
Grown vile as thou grow'st older,
And glorying in thy sin and shame,
Thou art a rank slave-holder.

Glastenbury, April.

AHMED AND ZAYDA.

BY A. LEWIS.

THEIR parting hour was come. The rolling wave,
That bore them, fettered, from their native land,
Was pouring on their ears a heavy sound,
The mockery of freedom! Once that voice
Was joyous, as the song of mother's love
Over her sleeping child. Once the glad swell
Of waters, and of ocean winds, that struck
The cliffs and reedy fringes of their shore,
Gave out a voice of liberty. But now
Those weeping waters told that they were slaves!

Oh, what a world of wretchedness is cooped
Within the limits of that little word—
A slave! The ills of earth are numerous—
Pain, sickness, sorrow, poverty, and wrong,
Dark calumny, heartless neglect, the pang
Of broken friendship, crushed affection, sense
Of pleasure flitted from the grasp
Of hope's recall—but what are these, or all
That poetry may image, or the heart
Of human anguish suffer, to the deep,
Dark, desolate, immedicable wo
Of slavery, bound on the soul, for life!

They felt that they were slaves!—for how
Could they but feel, when round their shrinking limbs
The driver's lash was curling!—every stroke

Followed by blood, which down the soft, fair limbs
Of female innocence, that never knew
The taste of tears, till severed from her home,
Flowed in red courses to the greedy sand!

Yes, they were slaves ; but still their very woes
Made them but dearer to each other's heart.
They thought upon the days, when joyously
They wandered in Dahomey's happy groves,
And listened, in the red morn's glowing hour,
To the cicala's song ; or heard the gush
Of rippling waters, and of cooling winds,
While from the bosom of the glittering sea,
The bright round moon went up. O there was joy,
And peace and innocence. But now the hand
Of chartered tyranny had wrenched their hearts
From all they loved—from all but from themselves,
And they must now be severed !

What must be
The anguish of the heart, when all its joys,
And hopes, and fears, and fondest memories,
And burning expectations of delight,
Are all concentrated in one living form,
One life, one thought, one breath !—and then to think,
To know, to feel, the sad reality,
That *that* must part—forever !

Such the grief
That rent young Ahmed's heart, when round the neck
Of Zayda, for the last, last time, he threw
The manly arm, that in the wood had torn
The tiger's jaws, and saved her from his rage !
But vain was now that sinewy arm to keep
The lash from circling round the tender form

He loved far more than life. He bore it long,
Resolved to linger in that last embrace
Till hope could breathe no more. Each way he turned,
To save her from unfeeling, tyrant rage,
Which could not spare one little fleeting hour
Of parting, from their murdered life of love !

The driver's voice was loud, and faster fell
The heavy blows, till he could bear no more ;
He turned, and threw one pleading look to heaven,
Another of defiance at the wretch
Clad in a human form, resolved to move
No more from the last thing on earth he loved.
A blow down sweeping from the loaded whip,
Came on his throbbing temple, and he sunk
Stunned, bleeding, lifeless, at his Zayda's feet.
She stood—but moved not—shrieked not—gazing down
Into the eyes she loved, until she fell
Across his bleeding form—heart-broken—dead !

THE SLAVE MOTHER.

BY A. LEWIS.

The following ballad is founded on an incident which happened in Kentucky, in 1831.

—“ May none these marks efface,
For they appeal from tyranny to God.”

BYRON.

THE day had not begun to dawn,
The sun behind the hills
Had far to journey, ere his rays
Should gild the mountain rills.

A woman, with three little ones,
Came from a lowly shed,
And out upon a lonely path,
Those little ones she led.

She led her darling babes along,
And not a word she said,
They seemed, as they were passing on,
Like shadows of the dead!

The eldest was a little boy,
Some six warm summers old,
And doubtless to a mother's sight,
Was lovely to behold.

The others were two little girls;
Just old enough were they,
Led by their mother's helping hand,
To walk along the way.

“Where are we going, mother, now?”

The little brother spoke;

“Oh, I was dreaming a sweet dream,
Just as we all awoke!”

“We’re going but a little way;

Come, children, come along;

You cannot think a mother’s hand
Would lead her loved ones wrong!

“When I was old as you, my son,

I can remember well,

How I was brought across the sea,
With cruel men to dwell.

“They tore me from my mother’s arms,

And brought me here to toil;

And every day my tears and blood,
Have dewed this hated soil.

“Last evening I was beat again,

Though faint as I could be,

No, children, such a wretched fate,
You shall not live to see!”

They stopped beside a crystal spring,

That in the meadow flowed,

Just as the first red gleams of dawn,
Along the valley glowed.

The morning showed those little ones

Were like the sable night;

But well the wretched mother thought
Their little souls were white.

She took her little darling babes,
And put them in the spring !—
It would have grieved a human heart,
To see so sad a thing !

She held her helpless children there,
Until they all were dead !
But though her soul was wrenched outright,
Yet not a tear she shed.

Let none who know not suffering,
That mother cruel call ;
It was that she had felt so much,
She did not feel at all.

She took her little darling babes,
And laid them side by side ;
'T was there beside the meadow spring,
Where those dear children died.

She laid her little infants there,
Three children cold as clay ;
And long beside the meadow spring,
She kissed them where they lay.

The wretched mother turned away,
With none her griefs to heed ;
Then down the valley she returned,
Again to toil and bleed.

THE VICTORY WON.

BY MARIA W. CHAPMAN.

"The Legislature of Massachusetts has enacted resolutions, calling upon Congress to interpose for the immediate suppression of slavery and the slave-trade in the District of Columbia. In this State, God be praised! the victory is won."

Liberator, March 27, 1840.

WHAT sound, among the shaken hills,
Rolls awful as the tempest's voice,
And tyranny with terror fills,
And bids the trembling slave rejoice?
It is the thronging of the free
'Round thy high places, Liberty!
By truth, and love, and Freedom led,
Till the land trembles to their tread!

What shout, through all the region sent,
So sharply cleaves the startled air,
And shakes the hollow firmament,
As if the Judgment trump were there?
'Tis the strong watch-word of the North—
That earthquake voice that thunders forth!
By every stream, and hill, and wave,
It cries, "Deliverance for the Slave!"

THE GENIUS OF AMERICA.

AN ODE.

HARK! glad and cheering sounds salute the ear,
Trumpets, and drums, and joyous shouts we hear,
Swift they approach, and near—they draw more near.
Behold! a stately form is seen advancing,
Triumph and pride are from her bright eye glancing.
Hail! 'tis the Sovereign Genius of our land;
A splendid banner waves in her right hand,
Bedecked with many brilliant stars of gold;
And as the light and graceful curls unfold,
We see emblazoned, as it floats on high,
The glorious words of Freedom! Liberty!
A noisy multitude her steps attend,
Joyful, tumultuous shouts on high ascend—
Triumphant acclamations rend the sky,
Thousands of voices echo loud the cry
Of Freedom! Freedom! Liberty!

Listen! far different sounds fall on the ear,—
At intervals discordant tones me hear:
A melancholy wail of dread and fear!
Deep stifled sighs, lone plaintive, piteous moans,
Loud piercing shrieks—dismal, despairing groans!
And now, our eyes to the dark side we turn,
Where, deep in shadow, clearly we discern
The left hand holds a strong and heavy chain,
Attached to which, is dragged a lengthened train

Of wretched beings, doomed for life to sigh,
And raise to Heaven the sad and bitter cry
Of Bondage! Bondage! Slavery!

Alas! what pity! and what grievous shame,
So deep a stain should blot thy boasted fame!
So dark a stigma rest upon thy name!
We would not mar the beauty of thy form,
We would not mutilate thy powerful arm;
But rather supplicating, bend the knee,
Beg thee to drop the chain, and set the captive free,
Then would the mighty Genius of our land,
In full and glorious perfection stand,—
Then might the *States United*, all combine
And offer praise and incense at thy shrine;
Then raise the glad, the cheering shout on high,
And join th' exulting, universal cry
Of Freedom! Freedom! Liberty!

H.

Hartford, April, 1840.

THE WARRIORS OF TRUTH.

BY N. E. JOHNSON.

GREAT, glorious TRUTH! in realms of light enthroned,
Through whom, the BOUNDLESS ONE, forever shines!
All worlds, all minds, shall yet thy glory own,
Which now EMMANUEL, in himself combines!
Thine empire is creation. Thy deep mines
Of power and worth Eternity explores—
Beings and objects, wraped in large designs—
Orbs of the mind, whose far extended shores,
Are all reserved for him, who muses, and adores.

Vesture eternal, of THE ETERNAL, thou!
Form of revealed Almighty! Lo, thy sway
Is o'er the giant races, as they bow
In multitudinous worlds—away—away!
SPACE and DURATION, ope the gates of day,
Thine own bright presence, ever welcoming!
So thou thy treasures may'st to them display,
While to thy words enrapturèd millions cling,
And learn, with eager joy the glory of their King.

Wake then, ye Warriors of the Truth! Awake
All, who for endless right, with fervent zeal,
Stand in your hearts committed! Ne'er forsake
That struggle, which hereafter shall reveal
Wonders, which startled worlds shall see, and feel!
Hark! for ten thousand voices on ye call,

Bursting from yonder *cloud* in one appeal!

That Witness-cloud, which once encompassed Paul,
Who now walks gloriously, a prince among them all!

Gaze on that cloud, Satan, thou fiend accurs'd!

See, in each glowing fold the chariot shine,
In which each martyred spirit, as it burst
From pain, and sin, and every wile of thine,
Rode to its lofty home,—its life divine!

Shame! Thou that stoopest to the serpent's form—
Thou, that inhabitest the maddened swine—

Thou, that couldst haunt and madden e'en the swarm
Of famished wolves, and tigers fierce, when the wild
storm

Of persecution, with its whirlwinds rush'd

Around the homes and altars of the saints ;

Thou, that wert joyous when the life-blood gush'd !

Thou, that hast feasted on their sore complaints!
Look! for the hand of *Truth* their triumph paints,
And images their glory on the sky!

Archangel fallen! Thou, that ne'er regain'st

Thine ancient seats of majesty on high,
Hark! from those very seats, *they* shout the victory!

A MOTTO.

BY E. W. SOUTHWICK.

THE hopes of the bondman and freeman are blending,
And justice has uttered her solemn decree ;
The wrongs of oppression shall quickly be ending,
The motto is sounding, the slave shall be free.

Ye foemen to bondage, while heaven is aiding,
Let motto and action in firmness agree,
To banish a bondage so basely degrading,
While loudly proclaiming the slave shall be free.

The slave, with the fetter and lash, is still aching,
And slavers, blood-laden still traverse the sea ;
But cease not the contest, till fetters are breaking,
Still bravely maintaining the slave shall be free.

Disdain to be daunted by foes in your striving,
But rather be fearful from duty to flee,
And tyrants, now heartless, who joy in depriving,
Will welcome the motto, the slave shall be free.

To thee, thou down-trodden, this motto expressing
The promise of freedom, so often thy plea,
Should seem as a treasure, should sound as a blessing ;
Then gladly proclaim it, the slave shall be free.

When cruelly beaten—when toil-worn and grieving,
Let this be a solace most grateful to thee ;
Be patient in labor—rest calmly believing
The promise so welcome, the slave shall be free.

Soon freedom's pure vine shall be verdantly twining
Its clusters around the true liberty tree :
The fruit is for thee—be no longer repining,
But hopefully cherish the slave shall be free.

Thy Father in Heaven implore for the blessing,
While bending before Him with suppliant knee ;
For He will attend to thy sorrows distressing,
Fulfilling the promise, the *slave shall be free!*

THE BANNER OF FREEDOM.

BY E. W. SOUTHWICK.

THE pride of the nation, the "Flag of the Free!"
Is spreading its folds o'er the land and the sea;
And thousands rejoice, as they move in the throng,
Where brightly its stripes and its stars float along.

The eagle broods o'er it; whose gilt talons hold,
The motto, 'E pluribus unum,' in gold—
The rich and the poor both cheer the array :
Both statesman and warrior applaud the display.

The child even boasts of the flag of the free,
And shouts of its glory in merriest glee—
He can tell of the pride, which it bears on the wave—
He can tell of the joy, which it yields to the brave.

But list, while the banner is waving on high,
What meaneth that moan and that pitiful cry ?
'Tis the sighing of grief—'tis the wail of despair—
Will no one give aid to the sufferer there ?

An innocent captive is galled by the chain,
And none can deliver from sorrow and pain !
This land, where the banners of liberty wave,
Is the land of oppression—the land of the slave !

Shame, shame, on that people, whose praises shall flow,
For banners of freedom, whose sons toil in wo !
Shame, shame on those banners, bespangled with gold,
While under their brightness the captive is sold !

Contempt for those stars which so mockingly shine,
And the stripes, while beneath them the slave shall repine,
Contempt for the eagle, true freedom's proud bird,
While under his wings the slave's fetters are heard.

Vain, vain is the boast of the flag of the free ;
Its joy to the brave, and its pride on the sea :
And vain is the glory such banners declare,
To the soul of the nation whose bondage they bear !

Zeal, zeal to the freemen, whom justice has bless'd,
That the flag of the free may soon cheer the oppress'd ;
What though for a moment dire troubles arise,
So the vapors will creep o'er the sun in the skies.

But the warmth of his brightness will drive them away,
And let him ride on, the bright king of the day ;
So the dark mists of error shall quickly have past,
And the pure light of freedom shall beam forth at last.

WILBERFORCE.

BY FRANCIS GILLETTE.

THE latter part of the eighteenth century forms a distinct epoch in the history of the world. Whether considered in relation to the magnitude and importance of its events, or the greatness and glory of its chief actors, it is fraught with a powerful interest and awakes the highest admiration. Events the most extraordinary, and characters the most illustrious, stamp that age as one of the most important in the annals of time. During its general advancement, in whatever could contribute to raise and adorn the human character, the cause of suffering humanity was not overlooked. Numerous and powerful were the champions who contended earnestly for the rights of man; and though met by a formidable array of opposition, they won many signal victories, and greatly ameliorated the condition of our race.

But among this illustrious assemblage of philanthropists, there was one, who stood pre-eminent. Surveying our world with an eye of philanthropy, he beheld one portion of the globe overshadowed by the darkest gloom and wrapped in wretchedness. He saw one entire quarter of the world devoted to the avarice and cupidity of all christendom, and scourged by one of the direst woes that ever distressed the human family. He looked around upon his own country and saw it stained and deeply implicated in this work of blood: he looked abroad to other lands, and beheld the sufferings of the

captive:—his heart was touched, his sympathies were moved, his determination was formed. He resolved forthwith to consecrate his powers to the noble work of redeeming a continent from rapine and bloodshed, and cleansing his country from implicated guilt. He arose in the power of his moving eloquence and put forth his mighty energies. He embraced the pillars which supported this huge pile of iniquity, and the vast structure tottered and crumbled. Self-interest took alarm, a fierce and formidable opposition arose, and the council-chamber rang with alternate bursts of impassioned and thrilling eloquence. Long and doubtful was the conflict; calm and resolute was the onset, hot and foaming the resistance. With a resolution undaunted, a courage undismayed, and a benevolence unfaltering, he persevered, despite of persecution and obloquy, for twenty years, until, with the aid of kindred spirits, he succeeded in exciting the abhorrence of a nation against the odious custom, and washed from his country's vestments the red stains of its pollution. This man was Wilberforce; that continent was Africa.

In the character of this noble man are exhibited the loveliest and sublimest traits. True independence, high moral courage, incorruptible virtue—the faculties of his mind, and the virtue of his heart seem to have rivalled each other; and both shed their blended influences upon the moral world, irradiating and vivifying it, as sun and showers the physical. How glorious and radiant was his career! He was a bright star amid that galaxy in which shone Pitt, Fox, Burke, Sheridan, and Canning, beaming with a steady luster, and reflecting upon this dark world, the light and love of Heaven.

“High was his fame: for senates oft had heard
With wonder that harmonious eloquence;

And injured Africa had caught the word—

Her chains had burst beneath its influence :

And her dark sons now learn to breathe the name

Of him who thought of them, when sunk in guilt and shame."

But, alas! the great work to which a Wilberforce devoted the vigor of his days remains yet unfinished. The unfortunate race, for which he pleaded so long and eloquently, is still miserable and bleeding. Africa is now weeping and disconsolate, for her children are in captivity and sigh for deliverance. Her sorrows are still too great for humanity. She is peeled and wo-worn; and though her great advocate and benefactor has gone down to the grave—though Wilberforce is dead, thanks to God, his spirit lives, and is still inspiring the breasts of men—it burns and glows in the bosoms of thousands in Europe and America, and the pure flame will wax intenser and higher and broader until slavery shall be no more. His voice comes "thrilling to our hearts" from the grave, inspiring us with fresh hopes, and cheering us onward to victory. His bright example of martyr-like devotion to truth, and dignified forbearance under provocation, is before us for imitation. Let the following sentiment be no less applicable to ourselves than to him:

"Wilberforce, thy zeal for man below

Was more than earth-born love of human kind ;

And souls that kindled in thy burning glow,

Felt 'twas the Saviour's sunlight on the mind."

Bloomfield, Conn.

PETITIONS.

Ladies of Connecticut :

I call your attention, or those of you who have hearts to feel for suffering humanity, to the importance of petitions. Here is a field in which a woman may do an incalculable amount of good to the poor and the perishing. The first suggestion for immediate emancipation in England, was made by a woman, who roused the attention of thousands, nay millions, to petition Parliament for the abolition of slavery ; until at length, the work was accomplished, so that now not a slave is to be found in her Majesty's dominions. Every one who has been out on these thankless errands, knows it requires much moral courage, and self-control. We must feel within, a spirit to do good, that charity which faileth not, which will enable one when opposed and reviled, to answer in terms of kindness and humility. To stimulate us to perseverance, let us continually bear in mind the unnumbered woes of the poor slaves, wretched victims, forced to drink the galling cup of human misery to the dregs ; the most helpless and hopeless sufferers in our land. What can support human nature through the trying vicissitudes of this world, but the animating principle of hope ? But what is the hope of the slave ? Can he, by contrasting the past with the present, have any hope of the future ? Some few of them, whose burdens are the lightest, may hope that their condition will never be changed ; but they must be fearfully apprehensive of

being severed from every kindred tie; sold and driven to the plantations, where no eye can pity them, no one report or plead their sufferings; crushed to the level of brutes, and kept in heathenish ignorance. Their oppressors have decreed that not a ray of heavenly light shall gleam across their dark path-way to the grave. Thus are they doomed to utter wretchedness in this world, with little knowledge of another. Oh, those plantations, those sinks of pollution, those black prisons of despair, where many a foul and murderous deed is committed which can never be revealed in this world, yet is chronicled in that Book, where all the deeds of guilty man are recorded, to be revealed on their trial at the last day.

It is to be hoped, there may be found, in every town, some friends of this cause, who will be aroused to action, whenever the season comes round for the work. Circulating petitions opens a way to spread information among the female part of the community. Many are so situated, that they never hear or read any thing upon the subject of slavery, and hardly know that it exist, except in name. Very few will withhold their signatures when informed of the numberless, dreadful evils, which slavery sanctions. Plead not the want of time for this work, or that family cares prevent you. It is not an easy or an agreeable service; but in view of the many comforts and privileges we enjoy, of which the poor slave is entirely deprived, our trials and sacrifices in their behalf will appear like bubbles light as air. Let us, therefore, engage in this work, with renewed vigor, and proceed with unwearied step and untiring vigilance, so long as the sighing of a slave is heard in our land.

ZEPHINA.

Glastenbury, April, 1840.

THE CONTRAST.

BY FRANCIS GILLETTE.

Homo sum, humani nil a me alienum puto.

I am a man, and am interested in all that concerns mankind.

THIS sentiment was uttered two thousand years ago, by one who had tasted the bitter cup of slavery. He had been an African slave, and was manumitted on account of the brilliancy of his genius. We are told that when this line was pronounced upon the Roman stage, the audience, consisting of foreigners and native citizens, was thrilled with delight, and the amphitheater rang with rapturous and reiterated applause. It fell upon their ears as a voice from Heaven; it was the language of nature—a noble assertion of the native dignity and independence of man. The author does not say that he was interested in all that concerned his peculiar race or country, but in all that concerned mankind. He embraced in his great heart the whole brotherhood of man; the petty distinctions and boundaries which make enemies of nations, were to him unheeded and unknown; his soul went forth to all men in the dignity and grandeur of its godlike nature, spurning alike from its august presence the murky clouds of prejudice and the chains of tyranny. He felt and spoke as it became a *man*, and the sentiment wakens a response in every manly soul. The author of it was a pagan; the audience that ap-

plauded it were pagans; but notwithstanding this, it was two centuries afterwards substantially repeated and ennobled by the lips of Jesus Christ. Christianity claimed it as her own, and placed it conspicuously in her diadem. Surely it is not an inappropriate offering to "Freedom's Gift."

But when we come down to our own times, we are surprised by a sentiment perfectly contrasting with that which has been mentioned. Said an honorable Senator on the floor of the United States' Senate, "I prefer the liberty of my own country to that of any other people, and the liberty of my own race to that of any other race," and added, "the liberty of the descendants of Africa in the United States, is incompatible with the safety and liberty of the European descendants." He seems to have spoken on the supposition, that the Creator, when he formed man, instead of breathing into him a "living soul," inspired him with ill-will and hatred towards his brother-man. This is a strange philosophy, alike discreditable to man as a rational being, and contemptuous of God as his benevolent Creator. The sentiment is unworthy of the man, and unbecoming the age. Had it come to us from some quarter, where the twilight of civil liberty is just dawning, it had excited less surprise; but that it should come to us from the Senate chamber of the United States, is strange and humiliating. "I prefer the liberty of my own race to that of any other race!"—how ignoble, how poor does this declaration appear beside that noble and magnanimous sentiment, which shot up above the mists and shadows of ancient paganism, and flashed over the moral horizon as a beam of Christianity!

This declaration of the American Senator, so far from receiving any rebuke from those to whom it was

addressed, was extolled in common with the speech which contains it, and its author lauded, as the mighty destroyer of abolitionism; the redoubtable champion of slavery. Such is the degradation of sentiment which slavery has wrought in the heart of this *Christian* nation—a degradation upon which ancient paganism looks down with pity and detestation.

We are abolitionists, not because we “prefer the liberty of our own race to that of any other race,” but because we prefer universal liberty to partial liberty; because we recognise a brother-man wherever God has enstamped his image, and sympathise with him in all his joys, and compassionate him in all his woes. We see divinity shining out in the human countenance, and the seal of eternity set upon the human soul. We feel that man, spiritual and corporeal, is an immortal child of God; and that any injury done him is a grievous affront to his heavenly Father. We tremble for those guilty wrongdoers of whatever name, who impiously attempt to blot out the Divine spirit in man, and with ruthless hands deface and mar his image as exhibited in his cherished offspring. God himself is there, and we bow before him with reverential awe. We aspire to the dignity of the sentiment which thrilled a Roman amphitheater with rapturous delight, and spurn with detestation the groveling sentiment to which our American Senate paid homage.

But had the Senator alluded to taken a broader view of the subject, and brought to its investigation his noble intellect unbiased, he would have found in the poor sentiment he uttered a cogent reason why he should cast all his influence against that stupendous system of iniquity which he would uphold; for in order to preserve the liberty of his own race, he would have found it necessary

to grant the boon to the millions in bondage. He would have understood that liberty and slavery are utterly incompatible, and that liberty must ere long break the chains of slavery, or slavery will eat out the heart of liberty. It is a maxim in legal courts, that those who would have equity must do equity—it is no less true, that those who would have liberty must grant it to others; for it is as true of nations as of individuals, “With what measure they meet it shall be measured to them again.” The man who thinks to preserve the rights and liberties of one portion of his countrymen by trampling upon the rights and liberties of another class, has yet to learn the first lessons of political wisdom; and it is difficult to say, whether his head, or his heart is more deficient in those qualities which distinguish the true and trustworthy statesman. When will republican despots repudiate the impious dogma, that slavery is the pedestal of liberty—“the corner stone of the republic,” and adopt the maxim that justice is the highest political expediency—the only safe and durable foundation of national freedom and prosperity? Till then, we cannot expect the complacent smiles of the Ruler of nations, but must continue to receive his frowns, and feel the scourgings of his rod, until mercy shall be quite merged in judgment.

Bloomfield, Conn.

THE GOSPEL OPPOSED TO SLAVERY.

BY HENRY W. ADAMS.

THE Gospel aims at the destruction of all sin. Every species of iniquity bears upon its very face the broad seal of its condemnation. No system of immorality can elude its notice, however specious the garb it wears. It takes an unerring cognizance of sin, and faithfully treasures up for it wrath against the day of wrath. It rends the veil of hypocrisy and pours a flood of consuming fire upon the inhabitant within. The Gospel has waged a war of extermination with all grades of iniquity. Though no marshalled armies crowd the field of blood, and no carnal implements are employed, yet its invincible and all-conquering energy is achieving a glorious victory. A great moral revolution is yet destined to convulse the world, and disenthral it from the captivity of Satan. And well may we pause and rebuke our infidelity at its successful triumphs; for though the fate of a nation may tremble, on a doubtful strife, yet for almost six thousand years, it has been the song of poets and the burden of prophesy, that the kingdom of Christ shall be a universal kingdom, and the principles of his government shall subvert all the Tyrannies and Despotisms of mankind. We have much, therefore, to encourage us in our exertions for the overthrow of American Slavery. Its every feature is so essentially at variance with the pure principles of the Gospel, that to call

Slavery *right*, is to denounce the Gospel as *wrong*. The truth is, there is nothing right about Slavery. It is all wrong; a concatenation of wrongs, perpetrated against unoffending humanity; and the Gospel has adjudged it *worthy of damnation*. It has already cursed it with a fearful curse, and sealed it with an everlasting reprobation. And would to God that some interposition of Divine Providence might speedily banish it from among men. But so long as Slaveholders have this wicked system under their control, and entertain their present views of its righteousness, it is presumption to dream of its downfall. Believing in the justness and utility of the system, they enact laws for its maintenance. The only hope, therefore, which unimpassioned reason warrants us to entertain respecting its overthrow, is based upon the almighty power of the Gospel to change their views, convert their souls, and expose to their gaze the horrid enormities of Slavery. This done, and the monster dies. As soon as the scales are torn from their eyes, and the true light shines into their hearts, the contemplation of Slavery will become awfully revolting. Its alleged rightfulness will create within them an instinctive repugnancy. Old things will pass away, and behold all things will then become new. Whereas they were once blind, they will then see; and the things they once loved, they will then hate. Every avowed beauty of the system will be transformed into the most sickening deformity. It can no longer be practised with impunity; for their hearts are now overflowing with the love of God. But he that seeth his brother have need and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him.

To be consistent, therefore, with the great claims of the Gospel, Slavery must be instantly abandoned. Every

yoke must be broken, and the poor captive set free. Is this too much to be expected from the principles of our holy religion? Do they not require an instantaneous renunciation of all sin, and a constant practice of holiness? And is Slavery unholy? Then surely pure and undefiled religion before God and the Father will destroy it; for we are taught that the time is coming when the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ; when the lion and the lamb shall lie down together, and the little child shall lead them; when all the proud and all they that do wickedly shall be burned up; and when this earth shall be transformed into a sublunary heaven. Will sin then exist? Certainly not. But Slavery is sin; therefore, Slavery will not exist. And will this glorious epoch be consummated through the instrumentality of the Gospel? Most certainly it will. Hence the Gospel contemplates the abolishment of Slavery.

—Only promulgate its glorious truths and faithfully enforce its divine requirements; preach holiness of heart and life; contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints; and Slavery could no more exist in the church than in the bosom of God. The fact is, so far as our information extends, the Gospel is not very generally preached in its purity, at the South. It is made to subserve local purposes and sanctify the awful abominations of Slavery. Professed ministers of Christ, vindicate it from the Bible. They proclaim it a holy institution. Yes! a system whose *first* fruits are universal concubinage—a system of mental degradation—of murder to the soul as well as barbarous crucifixion to the body, is portrayed as one of the brightest features of the Gospel, by the clergy at the South. There may be honorable exceptions to this allegation. But that we

do not transcend the facts in the case, we cite the Rev. Dr. Capers, a distinguished Methodist minister of the South, who fearlessly declared, not long since, that *slavery tends to the salvation of the slave!* Oh! ye ambassadors of Christ! Ye legates of the skies! Ye flying heralds of the cross! the retributions of eternal judgment will speedily overtake this guilty land, and not only shall the wicked be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God, but if any man shall add to the Gospel of Christ, God shall add unto him the plagues which it threatens; and if any man shall take away from the Gospel of Christ, God shall take away his part out of the book of life, and out of the holy city, and from the things which are written in this book!

ODE,
FOR JULY 4th, 1840.

BY C. T. ERVING.

WHEN the beams of rising light
Usher'd in the infant day,
And the shadows of the night
Were receding fast away,
Sounds of joy and mirth were heard,
Cannon's roar, a mighty peal,
And the patriot's breast was stirr'd—
Yes, a patriot's heart can feel.
'Twas the birth-day of the free,
'Twas the freeman's jubilee.

Then the sire and son would tell
Noble deeds their fathers done ;
How on battle field they fell,
And of glorious victories won ;
How the mother cheer'd her boy
On to danger, and to strife—
How each bosom beat with joy,
When those blessings dear as life,
Were secured, and we were free—
Gain'd our country's liberty.

Yes, the tear-drop still will fall,
And our heaving bosoms swell,
When we scenes of strife recall,
And upon their relics dwell.

Cherish'd is their patriot dust,—
We recount old memories o'er,
Keeping rights in sacred trust,
Which our fathers bought before:
Bought with toil, and sweat, and blood,
Through the blessing of our God.

But the *free* alone can tell
Of the blessings of the free,
And alone their bosoms swell
With the gush of liberty.—
Not the *slave*, who sighing bends
'Neath oppression, faint with toil,
When the freeman's song ascends,
While he cultivates the soil,—
Not in joy can *he* unite,
But can *feel* his injur'd right.

SLAVERY HOSTILE TO RELIGION.

BY L. CROWELL.

“HAD he religion, think you he could pray ?
Ah no ; he steals him to his lonely shed,
What time moist midnight blows her venom'd breath,
And musing how he long has toiled and bled,
Seeks shelter only in the arms of death.”

THIS is the worst feature of slavery. It is cruel, we confess, to violate the slave's physical and intellectual rights ;—to deprive him of domestic, social and civil enjoyments ; to enslave his body ; doom him to unrequited toil, and imbrute his mind. But the darkest work of slavery is the unceasing war that it wages with conscience. It not only paralyzes the conscience of the master, but prompts him to interfere with the conscientious rights and duties of the slave, whenever caprice, interest or passion may demand. It meets him at the altar, and stifles the voice of prayer. It suppresses the rising emotions of piety and seals the lips of the humble suppliant. It suspends his religious interests and eternal welfare upon a pivot, that a flash of excitement or a burst of passion may turn, to the ruin of an immortal being. A cloud of awful darkness rolls between slavery and the religious nature of the slave ; and while one side of it reflects the bow of peace and mercy, the other is lurid with the lightnings of God's holy law. Religious liberty and slavery are absolutely incompatible. The free, uncorrupted influences of the Gospel, must neces-

sarily elevate the slave to the dignity of freedom. A mind cannot long exist under the full force and power of the religion of Jesus Christ and yet be enslaved. Under such influences, like the bud in the genial warmth of the sun, it will naturally gather strength and expand, until it rises up into the consciousness of freedom and the greatness of man. No slave in our country, in the proper sense of the word, enjoys religious liberty. It is a solecism; it is the liberty of the ox at the shambles; the freedom of the mart of blood. The cruel statute that sanctions slavery, interdicts the sympathies of human nature and eclipses the light that would, otherwise, fall upon the soul of the oppressed. It shuts off more than half the force of the Gospel, and works a fearful ruin in that intellectual and moral nature, that the hand of the Creator has stamped with the marks of wisdom and excellence. Observe the old, toil-worn slave as he winds his way to the sanctuary. It is Sabbath morning. The gay beams of the sun diffuse life over the landscape; all nature is tranquil; the earth smiles, and the air is full of the melody of birds. All is free, save one. The weary pilgrim moves pensively along the vale; at length he reaches the sacred spot; he enters with reverence and seats himself in silence. The hour arrives and the minister commences the devotions of the day. Prayers are offered, but to him they are ambiguous; the hymn is unintelligible; the Bible is read but he has never learned the language; the minister preaches, but it is a gospel that loses its excellence in the darkness of his understanding. His views are imperfect, his reason weak, his mind confused and beclouded. He pants for the waters of life, but alas, they are insipid to his taste. He is excited, he feels; but his religion is superficial and unstable. He enjoys no deep communion; he has no

consistent hopes of a future world. He knows but little of God, of himself and of religion. On him you see the marks of slavery. He repeats his visit to the sanctuary a few more times, and then weary of life, subdued by labor and suffering, unpitied, unwept, he "seeks shelter only in the arms of death." The earth receives him and no monument tells the place of his tomb.

But it is not the old alone that suffer. All ages are subject to the effects of slavery. All are doomed to be its victims. Ye parents, who labor and watch for your offspring, think of the thousands for whom no one cares. Ye who smile over helpless infancy,—who rejoice for the health, beauty and loveliness of your children, and feed their opening minds with knowledge and virtue, remember the children of distress and slavery. Think of those that are naked and hungry, and give your sympathies to the forlorn and oppressed. The tenderness of infancy lies neglected; and the cry of distress calls for mothers who are not! The voice of those whose wants are great, whose cradle is the cold ground, breaks in upon you. Can ye not pity those who so much need pity; whose bodies are feeble; whose minds are devoted to ignorance, and whose sable hands no one shall teach to rise in prayer? Before them lies a rugged, thorny path; and when grown to man's years, no remembrance of early joys shall cheer them on; no sweet memory of the Sabbath, the school, the Bible and home shall renew their life.

It cannot be safe for us longer to sport with the religious interest of our fellow men;—to trifle with truths that we have proclaimed immutable and self-evident, and which address themselves as such to the consciences of all men. A warning comes over the waters to us, even from the ruins of fallen empires. An enlightened

world frowns upon us, while despots are melting the chains from their subjects. A wail comes from the burning cotton field, and the rice swamp "dank and lone," and the arms of the slave are lifted to Heaven for relief. Philosophy urges its claims, and religion presses her solemn sanctions. Eternal truth demands that we regard the sympathies and wrongs of the perishing; and abrogate the laws that annihilate the attributes of man. The last appeal of outraged humanity breaks forth. It is the cry of aggrieved, much abused man. It must be heard; if we disregard it, the response will come from the throne of God.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY ENTERPRISE: ITS OBJECT, AND AIMS.

BY R. S. RUST.

THE object of the Anti-Slavery enterprise is to annihilate the bloody system of American Slavery, which is scattering its pestiferous breath over the brightest prospects of human happiness. It contemplates the complete overthrow of that system, feebly styled by a southern clergyman, "the concocted essence of fraud, tyranny, and cold-hearted avarice." Were this the acme of its injustice it might be endured; but it stops not here. It wages a furious war upon the government of Jehovah, by dragging down man, monarch of the earth, possessor of an immortal nature, to a level with the brute creation; crushes his intellect and whelms him in despair. It forbids millions for whose redemption Christ sweat great drops of blood, to gaze upon the soul-cheering pages of *Divine Truth*, the lamp given by God to direct man's wayward steps through this world of sin and oppression, up to eternal felicity. It breaks up the sacred and endeared relations of husband and wife, parent and child. Slavery will not permit the child even to sustain the tottering limbs of its aged and infirm parents, nor to wipe away the trickling tear of anguish from the furrowed, care-worn brow of her who gave him existence. It will not permit the husband to protect the companion of

his bosom from the base assaults of any heartless, licentious person. He is compelled to endure, without a murmur, the excruciating torture and agony of seeing her, around whom all his affections cluster, insulted, whipped, defiled, and even to have the tender cords of his heart rent asunder, and the purest affections of the soul outraged by an eternal separation.

This is the horrid system which the Abolitionists are attempting to bury in the dark shades of oblivion; and we hope to succeed in keeping such a mountain of disgrace and detestation upon it, that it may never have a resurrection. Shall slavery forever bloom on the soil of the Pilgrims, and fatten on human tears, and groans, and sufferings? May Heaven forbid! May the friends of bleeding humanity forbid! May the oceans of blood and tears which slavery has caused, be dried up. Human yokes *must* be burned, and the galling fetters sundered, and the millions of American bondmen shall yet stand forth disenthralled. This enterprise has strong claims upon our sympathy. Man is a creature of sympathy; God created him thus. Sympathy is a sort of mental magnetism, which attracts and blends the different members of the human family, in one *grand brotherhood*. This lovely principle was implanted in the human breast, for the purpose of cheering the disconsolate, alleviating the wrongs of the distressed, and oppressed. No eloquence touches the heart of man so affectingly as a note of anguish. The wrongs of the brave Poles agitated the whole nation; their sufferings touched a cord whose vibrations were felt throughout the whole civilized world. Are the hearts of American Christians, so hard that they cannot be moved by the intense sufferings of our oppressed brethren? Do not the sighs and the groans, which come floating along on the southern

breezes, affect the people of the north? Oh that the plantations of the south, drenched with the captive's tears and blood, could break their eternal silence, and thunder forth in your ears, the story of the negroes' wrongs! Oh that the cruel, bloody lash of the slave-driver's whip, could whisper in your ears, the heart-rending sufferings of the slaves! Oh that the crushed and bleeding soul, could depict the unutterable agonies, which slavery has inflicted upon its deathless nature!! We should not be able to endure such overwhelming testimony. We have a faint delineation of "Slavery as it is," by our Weld; and human nature can scarcely survive the shock. Do not American slaves have strong claims upon our sympathy? If we have hearts so hard, that they cannot feel for others woe, let us tear them out, and let the eagles glut on them; why should we cherish hearts which are as cold and unfeeling as a chilling iceberg!

The Anti-Slavery enterprise has imperative claims upon the benevolence of the nation. The people must be aroused and brought to feel their deep guilt in reference to slavery. Public sentiment, that mighty engine of reform, must be rectified—the evils of slavery must be held up to public gaze—the danger of continuing a slave-holding nation, must be portrayed—the duty, advantages and safety of immediate emancipation, must be scattered broadcast over the land. A vast amount of means is requisite for this great work. The heart of every abolitionist should be a fountain of benevolence. May the hearts of the professed friends of the slave, which are pent up by the rocks of selfishness begin to flow afresh. If you see that your brother hath need, being deprived of every comfort of life, and overwhelmed with want and anguish, and you assist him not, how

dwellleth the love of God in your hearts? It is of little benefit to the slave, that we profess friendship for this cause, unless works accompany our faith. That abolitionism without works is spurious. We may meet together occasionally, resolve to do this and that; *no one* assumes the responsibility and the work remains *undone*. I wonder that the *resolutions*, which we have passed at some of our meetings, do not haunt us in our slumbers, and goad us up to renewed activity. Leviathan is not easily tamed. If we intend to effect the overthrow of slavery, we must have *vigorous action*, as our watchword. Let us have *acts* instead of resolutions. When the history of the anti-slavery reform is written, I ardently desire that there may be, as in the New Testament a large book of *Acts*. Let the abolitionists of Connecticut see to it, that they are well represented there.

Wesleyan University.

LIBERTY! LIBERTY!

“Remember them that are in bonds, as bound with them.”

Hebrews xiii. 3.

BY WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

NEVER, O God, can I too thankful be,
That thou hast given me perfect liberty ;
That, from my birth, thine image has been seen,
Acknowledged, and respected, in my mien ;
That, as an equal being, I may claim
Affinity with men of every name ;
That man's inalienable rights are mine,
And spiritual life, and light divine !

O! to be freer than the chainless wind,
Beyond all human power to hold or bind ;
To go or come, rise up or seek repose,
Labor or rest, just as the mind shall choose ;
To stand erect, with glory and honor crowned,
And no superior find the world around ;—
'Tis this that makes existence bright and dear,
Ennobles man, and gladdens his career !

But, to be yoked and fettered, bought and sold,
Like a dumb brute, or grovelling swine, for gold ;
To have no home, no country, and no friend,—
Unrecompensed to toil till life shall end ;
Covered with scars, and famishing for food,—
Crushed, and despoiled, and robbed of every good ;—
O, direful thought! O, miserable doom!
Thrice welcome death—a refuge in the tomb !

If such a horrid fate were mine, O God !
If o'er my head were held a tyrant's rod ;
If my loved wife could from my fond embrace
Be wrested, flogged, defiled before my face ;
If the dear children, granted me by Heaven,
Could to the shambles be like cattle driven ;
What floods of tears would drown my weeping eyes !
What anguish fill my breast ! how loud would be my cries !

How would my spirit yearn for liberty !
How would I supplicate to be set free !
By day, by night, plot how my chains to break,
And with my wife and children to escape ;
Call upon all the friends of God and man,
For our deliverance to toil and plan,—
Forgetful of each other's caste or creed,
And nobly emulous our cause to plead !

Therefore it is—remembering those in bonds
As bound with them—my yearning soul responds
To all their groans, each briny tear that starts,
Each dreadful pang that rends their bleeding hearts ;
And therefore do I cease not to proclaim
My country's guilt, barbarity and shame ;
And therefore slavery do I execrate,
And warn the tyrant of his awful fate.

Down with the hellish system, now—forever !
Break every yoke—each galling fetter sever !
Come to the rescue, all your means unite,
Ye friends of JUSTICE, LIBERTY, and RIGHT !
And as ye triumph in this holy cause,
All heaven, all earth, shall ring with loud applause ;
A ransomed host a choral song shall raise,
And myriad voices shout JEHOVAH's praise !

Boston, March 31, 1840.

B
RD - 177







H. R.



H. R.

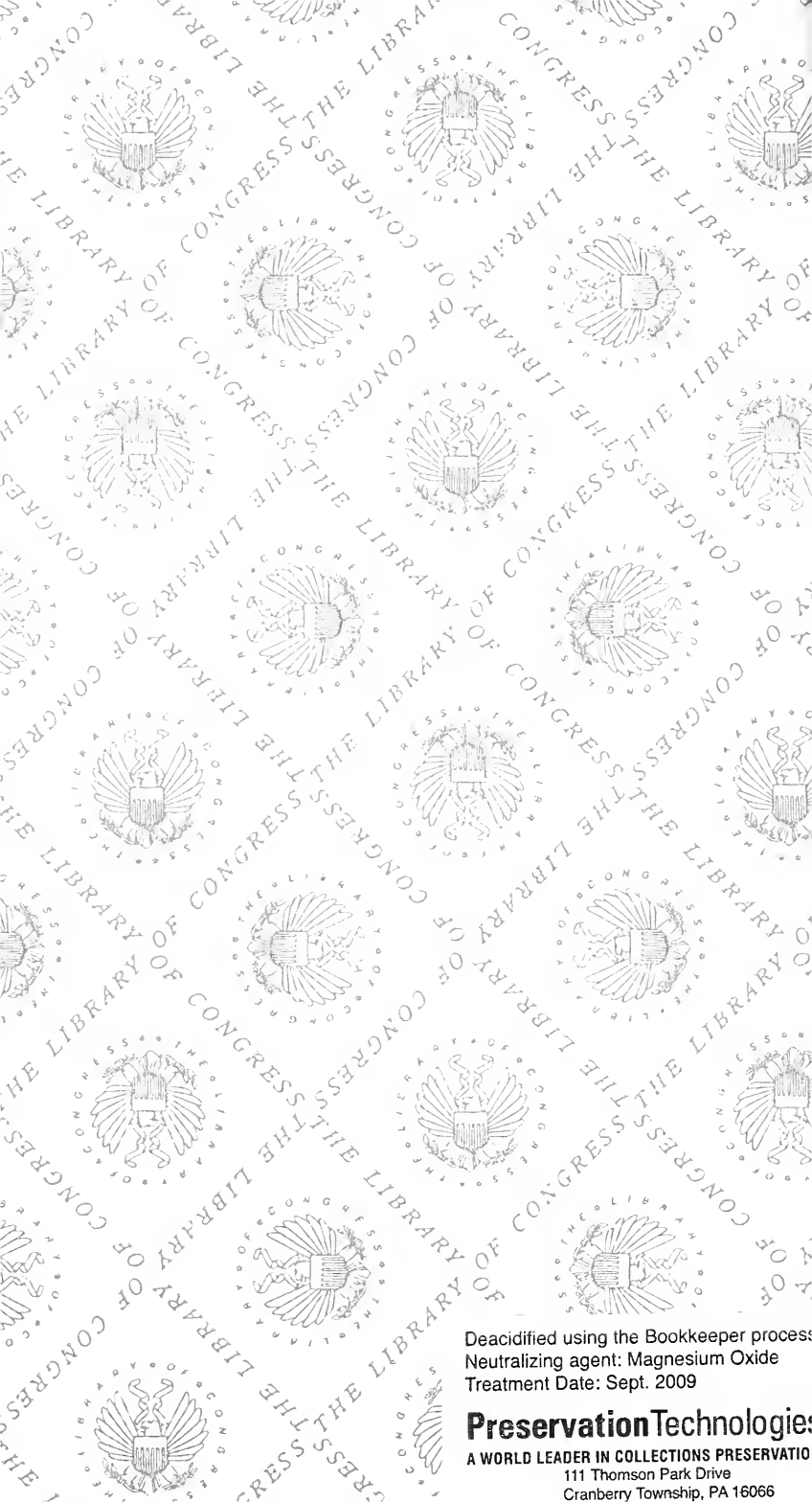


H. R.



H. R.



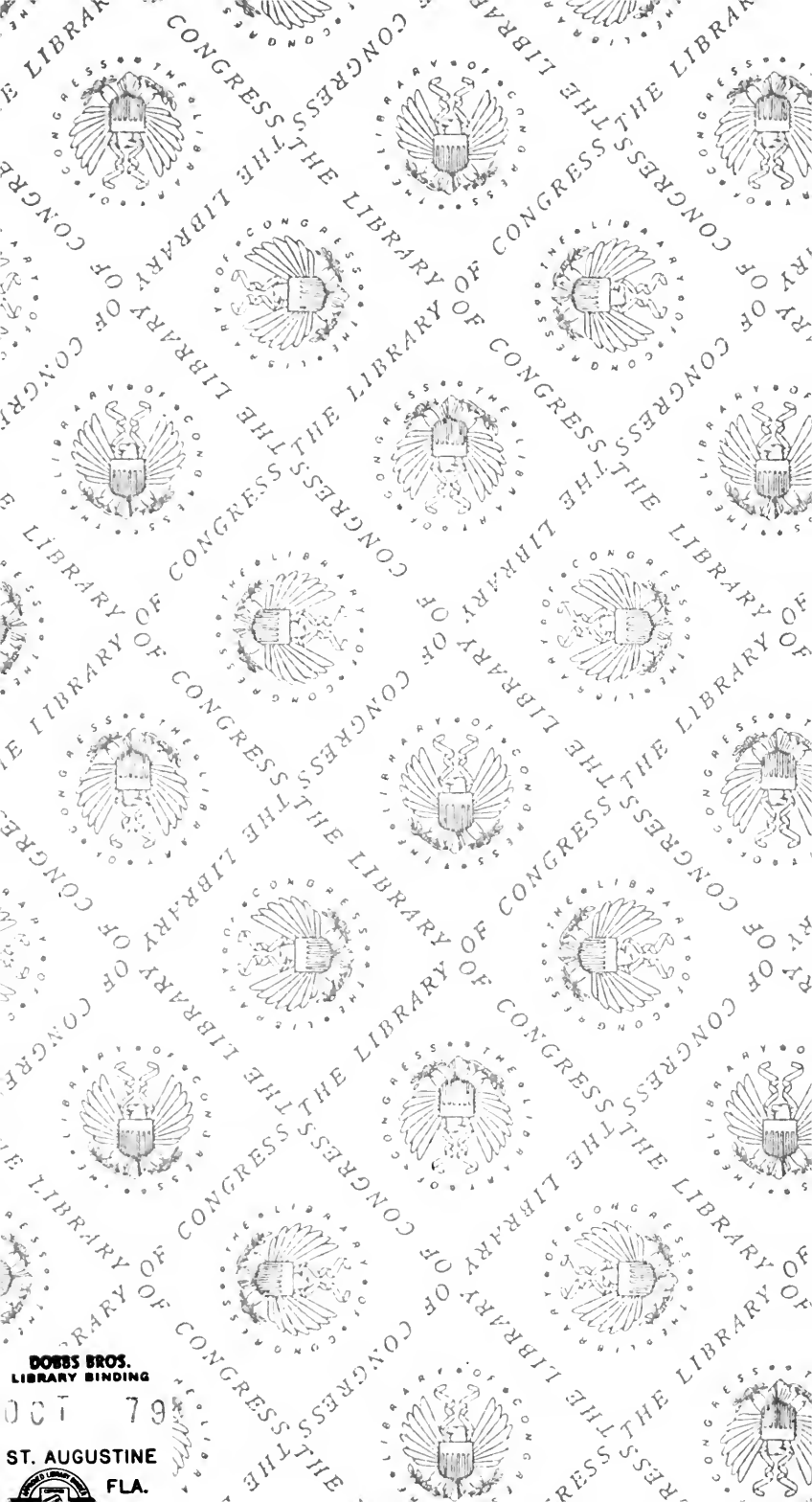


Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Sept. 2009

Preservation Technologies

A WORLD LEADER IN COLLECTIONS PRESERVATION

111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066



DOBS BROS.
LIBRARY BINDING

007 79

ST. AUGUSTINE



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



00023401228